

# THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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## FISTIANA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY JAMES STARR HAMBLET.  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO JOHN C. HEENAN.

I.  
Fistiana, fistiana,  
Noble, brave, and manly art,  
All thy true and honest volitions  
Are men of might, and stout of heart.  
Mind and muscle, and endurance,  
Mark the boxer brave and true;  
Science, quickness, good in-fighting,  
Animal and moral courage too.  
Tis the pugilist's earth-heaven;  
There he's prouder than a king,  
In the charmed and mystic circle,  
In the twenty-four foot ring.

II.  
In fighting, e'er be brave and manly,  
Shake hands, boxers, then "go in,"  
Do your best, brave gladiators,  
And, truly, "may the best man win!"  
Draw the "claret!" up Achilles!  
Strike, and gain "the knock-down blow,"  
Strike, manly, and your tactics,  
Fight to conquer your brave foe.  
Many a proud and gallant boxer,  
Of whose fame no bard doth sing,  
Won his friends, fame, rank, and riches,  
In the twenty-four foot ring.

III.  
Plant your colors! fight beneath them!  
Soon to cry out—"Hold, enough!"  
Face the music, show "the fancy,"  
That you're made of royal stuff.  
Empires, referees, and second,  
Spectators, all, will give fair play,  
Each act well your several parts, sirs,  
Let the best man win the day.  
Many a brave and gallant boxer,  
Of whose deeds no poets sing,  
Bravely did while bravely fighting  
In the twenty-four foot ring.

IV.  
Here's your health, my gallant boxer,  
Here's your health in ruby wine;  
And may all the boons and blessings  
Of this earthy life be thine.  
Nature's noblemen—brave athletes—  
Modern Hercules! all hail!  
For "the belt," as the "World's Champion,"  
Strive—"there's no such word as fail."  
Up Achilles!—face the music!—  
Go in, bully pugilist!  
Fight—manly—mind your tactics,  
Show us how you use your fists.

V.  
Crown the victor's brow with laurel,  
For he merits well the crown;  
Give him cheers! but make his heart thrill  
With the name of his renown.  
Gallant hero! beauty and true;  
Knightly boxer, brave and true;  
In your course of life, oh! ever  
Keep a noble goal in view.  
E'er be worthy—let your record  
Be a true and spotless one;  
E'er keep the Prize King's great escutcheon  
Pure and spotless as the sun.

VI.  
Life's a prize ring—all are boxers;  
Life's a prize fight, grand, sublime;  
Some are conquerors, some are conquered,  
But all, all, must come to "time."  
Death! ah! he's the champion boxer;  
O'er all the boxers of this earth;  
But even Death, we each shall conquer,  
When we win a Heavenly birth.  
Many a brave and gallant boxer,  
Of whose deeds no poets e'er write,  
Won him friends, fame, and riches  
In a pugilistic fight.  
Tis the pugilist's elysium,  
There he's prouder than a king;  
In the charmed and mystic circle,  
In the twenty-four foot ring.

## THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

HIS MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

WITH  
A DASHING MARCHNESS.

A THRILLING STORY OF

FAST AND FANCY LIFE.

More particularly in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn,  
giving a Vivid Portraiture of Secret Intrigues in  
High Life, and of Midnight Orgies in  
Water street, and Kindred Localities.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

### CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Hallo! Ike," said he, for it was our old acquaintance, the Jew, "after some of your old tricks again, but I'm one too many for you this time, my covey; so you've got to come along."  
"Mine Got! Mr. Diker, but you was frightened me very much; you has such a way with yer of startling peopple; he! he! good Mr. Diker."  
"Come, Ike, none of your confounded clap-trap with me; you know damned well that you've got that gent's pocket book, and that you're fairly in a nice fix."  
"Oh! kind Mr. Diker, vat mistakes you make. I am but a poor honest man."  
"Here, that 'ere stuff won't do; but come in here, I want to talk to you a minute." And they entered a saloon together, and were soon comfortably seated in a private box.  
After being supplied with refreshments, Diker drew close to Ike and whispered, "Now, Ike, perhaps I can do you a good turn and help you out of this scrape; but it can only be on one condition."  
"Vat ish it, Mr. Diker; I would do anything to oblige such a kind shlemazel."  
"It is this, now listen well, and don't try to come any nonsense over me, for I'm in earnest. You know that Downy Jim has escaped from Sing Sing; you know that he is in this city, and you know, besides, where he is stowed. Now I just want you to give me a hint as to his whereabouts. There's a big reward out for his apprehension, and I want it. I can tell you Jim be; I have not seen him for ever so long a time. I should like to see mine old friend well."  
"When was you at Hogan's last?"  
"Well, I call'd in—dis—very day; but he very strange man; oh! so close—so close."  
"Well, Ike, I see you want free lodgings for a while, so we may as well move on to headquarters."  
"Vat von minute, mine good friend, just von minute. You wants de monish bad, and you wants Jim too. Now I knows a way you can get de monish, and perhaps de man too, if you have de patience. Here is some little papers with you can take care of for me, and if you see dey are right, I go about Jim." And so saying he deposited a small roll of bills before the honest metropolitan, and glided quietly out of the room.  
Diker, who knew his man, counted them up, and found about \$40 in good money. He knew he did not dream for a moment that Ike was away from Jim, but satisfied that he had done a good deed, he went on his own hook, he lounged out into Broadway to display his stalwart figure, and pursue his inquiries after the missing man.

If the editor of the Sunday Express had witnessed the above

transaction, his faith in his perspective facilities would have been wonderfully established, and what he wrote against the force, for the sake of pedantic display, would have turned into scorching rebuke at the correctness of a system, the foundation of which was laid in political power, and where the servants were chosen, not so much for personal respectability, as for party service.

### CHAPTER V.

Bloody Burke and Downy Jim—Revenge—Mysterious Attack—Abduction and Imprisonment of Harrington.

Downy Jim well knew that he was never safe so long as George Harrington was alive and at large, and, burning with hate and revenge, he determined, by a double stroke of policy, at once to furnish himself with an ample supply of money, and to rid himself of his persecutor. For this purpose he took counsel with his chum, Bloody Burke, but as it was to be a lucrative as well as a murderous deed, he did not increase the number of his confidants. He could not, however, dispense with Hogan, but his knowledge of the plans of the conspirators was limited to the information that his secret den was about to receive an extra tenant for a short time, for whose custody he was to be well paid. A night was fixed upon when it was known that Harrington, who was passionately fond of the opera, would very likely be there, and it was arranged that on this occasion Hogan was to keep his house clear of visitors, and hold himself in readiness for his new customer. A better night than the one selected could not have been chosen. The snow had changed into a drizzling rain; the streets were completely deserted, and nothing could be heard but the dripping water from the eaves of the houses, as it gurgled through the iron bars of the culverts, into the sewers. On one side of Fifth Avenue might have been seen lurking, as if to escape observation, two men, wrapped up in large overcoats, with caps pulled far over their faces, evidently striving to avoid recognition.

"Confound it, Jim," exclaimed one, who was no other than Burke, "it must be near twelve o'clock by this time, and about time he was here."

"Yes, curse him, but he must needs have his oysters before he comes home. He had better eat his belly full to-night, for it's likely to be a good while ere he eats another stew, in this world at least."

"But, Jim, if he shows fight, what are we to do—finish him at once?"

"Egad, no, not if I can help it. I tell you I want him alive if possible. If we kill him at once, where in thunder is our money to come from? You won't see that, once in my care, all the half of our revenge will be lost, and we shall have nothing besides for our trouble."

"Well, well, we must do our best, but I don't half like the job. Dead men tell no tales, and I think it's the safest way of getting the thing done, with no risk of his escape afterwards."

"Escape? Ha! ha! I'll see to that; once in my care, all the devils in hell won't get him from me. Hogan dare not peach; he knows it's as much as his life is worth. As for you, I would trust you with anything; and we can manage to keep like in ignorance of the whole affair without much trouble."

"Hold!" exclaimed Burke, "there's a man passing under that large lamp at the other end of the block, on the opposite side."

"That's our man, I'll bet a dollar; let's meet him and make sure."

Adjusting their dress anew so as to hide their faces as much as possible, they accordingly crossed over, and proceeded at a rapid pace towards the person approaching them. They passed, one on each side, but scarcely a step, when Burke wheeled rapidly round, and throwing his arm round the stranger's neck, held him as in a vice, till the relaxing limbs of his victim warned him that he was insensible and powerless. In the meantime, Jim, by a peculiar whistle, had summoned a carriage which had been standing almost hidden under the shade of some tree, into which the scarcely breathing man was now lifted, and the vehicle driven rapidly away. These occurrences took place with a rapidity and silence which prevented any alarm in the neighborhood, and with the departure of the actors in the scene, a Avenue resumed its solitude.

On coming to his senses, George Harrington found himself in the secret chamber of Hogan's den in Water street, and Jim and Burke standing over him bathing his temples, and applying brandy to his lips. His first impulse was to spring up and confront the villains, but he found the one with a brace of pistols presented at his head, and the other with a huge knife ready for use.

"What means this dastardly outrage, second-rate?" Harry ejaculated, "do you mean to murder me?"

"Come, come, keep a civil tongue in your head, and don't talk to yourself. As for murdering you, we ain't quite so bad as you are, ago. No, no, that ain't our game; we ain't quite so bad as you are, ago."

"Well, why am I brought here? What do you want of me?"

"Ah, now you talk like a sensible cove, and reasonable; so now here's my plan, that my pal here is witness to, and which is all we ask. There's everything you want; first, that you'll sign a paper declarin' as how your charge again me was all a mistake, and I was the wrong man; that is one thing. The other is, that you will fork over to us \$5000 to help us to go to another country to live in peace. Ven these two conditions be complied with, then you will be let out of 'this. Them's our purpositions, and my sentiments underpin 'em. On your honor, you'll sign a paper declarin' as how your charge again me was all a mistake, and I was the wrong man; that is one thing. The other is, that you will fork over to us \$5000 to help us to go to another country to live in peace. Ven these two conditions be complied with, then you will be let out of 'this. Them's our purpositions, and my sentiments underpin 'em. 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Ven these two conditions be complied with, then you



## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AMINADAB SLEEK, Pittsburgh.**—1. He was incarcerated for cutting a man; if he hereafter should use his fists instead of a deadly weapon, surely it may be considered a reform. Don't you think so, friend Sleek? 2. Mr. John Gully was a prize fighter, and yet he was elected to Parliament. If all were Aminadab Sleeks, of course the case would be different, and instead of a manly stand-up fight, all hands might be engaged in hypocritical prayer meetings.

**J. J. UPHAM, Brookfield, Mass.**—A raffle came off here, and a couple of bets were made, which you will please decide. There had been forty-four thrown, and I bet that it would not win. It was afterwards tied, and in throwing off the tie, thirty-six won the watch. Now, I wish to know who won the bet? You lost the bet, because forty-four did win the prize—the throw off is nothing, the winning throw being forty-four.

**UNION.**—1. They made their first appearance on the stage at Louisville, Ky., on the 11th of December, 1848, in "The Children of the Wood." 2. First appearance in London, on the 25th of September, 1851, at the St. James' Theatre. 3. First appearance after returning, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, on the 27th of September, 1862. 4. Parents both living.

**G. B. J. Philadelphia.**—The number of men engaged at the recent battle of Pittsburgh, number of reinforcements, etc., on both sides, has been so variously stated, that it is impossible to say exactly what were the figures.

**C. P. Washington, D. C.**—1. Dr. Spencer, an American, of Fairview, N. J., claims to have thrown a cricket ball the longest distance in this country, namely: 108 yards 22 inches. 2. Phelps of Utica, also an American, has also thrown 108 yards.

**CONSTANCE, London, C. W.**—Your queries are so "mixed up" and their meaning so obscure, that it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to discover their drift. Repeat them in a more explicit manner.

**J. C. O'FALLON.**—If you were a reader of the CLIPPER you would have seen an article in our issue of May 3, which would have informed you that Wm. Perry, alias the Tipton Slasher, is worth a dozen dead men.

**C. K. F. New York.**—1. Bashfulness may be overcome to a great extent, by frequent appearance in society, particularly where females predominate. 2. They may all be learned simultaneously.

**P. P. Philadelphia.**—An undertaker is one who agrees or undertakes to perform any project or business; also, one who undertakes the conduct of funerals.

**GEORGE H. H. Potteville.**—In all Fours, the lowest card, ace, entitles the person getting it, to deal. The same holds good in many other card games, but not in all.

**R. W. C. Washington, D. C.**—The time is not recorded, so that we are unable to decide upon the merit of the feat. It appears to us, however, that the time is good.

**WOLVERINE.**—1. Address James Goodwin, 110 John street, N. Y. 2. Our terms are 12 cents per line for each insertion.

**C. W. D. Plymouth, N. H.**—Money received, and your paper has been regularly forwarded.

**P. M. Providence, R. I.**—The dog Billy, in England, killed 100 rats in 5 minutes, 30 seconds.

**RAWSON, Havana.**—Yes. He can strike again, in his turn, until three hands are out—which will close that innings.

**SENeca, St. Louis.**—"Continue." We have omitted a great deal from our correspondents, as well as from yourself.

**F. FOWLER, Croton Falls.**—We have credited you for one year's subscription. No charge for the challenge.

**G. F. HAMILTON, Cincinnati.**—Address Mr. Roobach, whose advertisement you will find in our theatrical department.

**HARRY FOSTER.** 7 miles the other side of Williamsburg.—We received your letter, but no "trophy" accompanied it.

**PROVIDENCE.**—Heenan fought Morrissey but once. A second match was talked of, but it never came to anything.

**A BULL RUNNER, Washington, D. C.**—He was in the city a few weeks ago, but is now with his regiment with McClellan's army.

**A. T.**—The fight between Coburn and Price took place on a little island at Still Pond, about eight or nine miles from Boston.

**F. C.**—Fort Norfolk, Norfolk, Va.—Your letter never came to hand. When we write we will mention the fact to Ned.

**GATES, Cincinnati.**—Don't you know? It means that their privacy, at such a moment, should not be disturbed.

**BURNT CORN.**—1. The lather is made of soap and water. 2. Prepared corn, made into a paste.

**JACK.**—We think we have seen something like it before. It will appear, however.

**S. P. Saratoga.**—Bumsey & Newcomb are in London. See our foreign summary.

**J. D. Hartsville, Mass.**—The guards are not regiments of the line.

**PHIL. H. J.**—Will look it over, and, if admissible, give it a place.

**SUBSCRIBER.**—We can furnish you the back numbers you desire.

**ALBANY.**—They are both at the Albany Galety. See dramatic summary.

**G. B. Mendota.**—"Fistiana" contains a good treatise. Price, one dollar.

**H. G. A. Providence.**—Have we not used what you sent us?

**F. P. WARE, Brookfield.**—See answer to J. J. Upham.

**FRED. FALLSTAFF.**—All right. "Mr. Jefferson Davis."

**DRAMA, Philad'a.**—Will appear in our next.

**W. F. P. Boston.**—See elsewhere.

**W. B. B.**—It never came off.

**F. Cairo.**—Will appear.

**MICKY FREE TURNED UP.**—This humorous and good natured individual, so well known in sporting circles as "The Irish Pedestrian," has for some days past, we are sorry to learn from himself, been quarantined in Mill Creek hospital, at Newport's News, owing to having had three of his fingers carried away by a "seesaw" bullet, and sustained other injuries, while in the hunt at the "hurdle race" after the rebels in their stampee from Yorktown. Mickey's sudden taking off is accounted for by the fact of his having enlisted in the 5th New Jersey Regiment, on August 10, 1861, since when he has been defending the old flag, under which he has illustrated heel-and-toeology so many times. Although Mickey is now minus a tray of digits, he is still, we believe, sound in his under-pinning, so that when he returns home, which will be in a short time, he will be enabled to show us how the rebels showed their heels, at a time and place that will put money in his purse. Having done his duty nobly, we are assured that he will meet with a welcome home among the boys, for whom he has catered so often in the way of pedestrian amusement. Mickey was visited at the hospital the other day by Con Quinn and other sports. That's the way, boys, don't neglect your comrades when on the sick list.

**INTERESTING OCCASION.**—Mr. Geo. Ross, the senior member of the firm of Ross & Tousey, being in too feeble health to sustain an active part in such a business of activity as a newspaper agency requires, has retired from the concern. On this intention being announced, his former employees and associates assembled at the house of Mr. Wm. J. Bunce, 68 Bowery, a few evenings since, so as to present him with an elegant and valuable cane, as a token of their affectionate regard. Mr. W. F. Bugie, the book-keeper of the firm, made an appropriate and sympathetic address. Mr. J. W. Lingard, of the New Bowery Theatre, spoke for Mr. Ross in a suitable reply. Mr. Sinclair Tousey gave a cordial concurrence as a partner in the "old firm" of Ross, Jones & Tousey. Mr. Bunce invited the party to partake of his liberal hospitality. Music and singing kept up the expressions of regard "ayont the wall," after Mr. Ross was obliged to leave.

**UNPRECEDENTED RUN AT BILLIARDS.**—We adopt, but cannot say that we fully endorse this caption, in reference to one of those big runs at billiards of which we have so often heard, but never witnessed in a somewhat extended experience, which we find in the Utica Telegraph of the 16th inst. As we are a little disposed to be skeptical over "them 4000 points, sheer exhaustion," etc., we shall be pardoned if we let the Telegraph paper, which we believe to be rather more reliable than the telegraph wire about these days, tell its own story in its own way.

"A splendid and unprecedented run at billiards was made at Syracuse, yesterday, by Mr. Wm. Owens. A game of 100 points was commenced, Owens discounting his opponent, and playing the carom game against the common American game. With sixty-four to run, Mr. Owens got the balls into the jaw of a corner pocket, and by careful nursing retained them in that position for a run of four thousand and five points, when he gave up the cue from sheer exhaustion. The play occupied nearly five hours. This is said to be the largest run ever made."

We are glad that the word "jaw" is introduced, because a "faller" might be in danger of getting his jaw fractured if he attempted to repeat the paragraph in public "for true."

**BASE BALL Gossip.**—The Elysian Fields are now beautifully "robbed in green," and the picturesque base ball grounds of that romantic locality are daily occupied by the members of the various clubs engaged in perfecting themselves in their manly sport. The Knickerbocker, Eagle, Mutual, Empire, Gotham and Jeffers Clubs, are all in excellent trim, and muster in fine force upon two or three afternoons of each week. They all display a strong nine, and there is every indication that the contests at Hoboken for the honors of base ball will be stoutly and determinedly waged. The rivalries and competition will, however, be carried through in that honorable, pleasant, and gentlemanly style which, we are proud to say, has ever been a marked characteristic of the clubs playing at Hoboken.

Glancing towards Harlem, the handsome colors of that first-class "crowd," the "Harlem Base Ball Club," floating proudly over the beautiful grounds of Mount Morris Square, arrest the eye. The Harlems are a good set of boys, and know how to play an A. 1 game of base ball. They have sustained, creditably, the honor of New York in many a well-fought match; and it is a source of great satisfaction to us to hear of their prosperous condition. Just over Harlem Bridge, we come in contact with the "Union Base Ball Club," which is about as good a club as they "make up." The Union have a "tip top" first nine, who are spoiling for a game. Who'll "tip them the wink?"

Returning homeward we pass Hamilton Square, whose award has been rendered classic in base ball annals, by the splendid playing of the old "Champion" and "Manhattan" clubs—now, alas! disbanded. What a pity that two such good clubs should ever require an "obituary" notice. Why, two such nines as the Champion and Manhattan could parade in "years ago," ought to have lived and played forever! But a truce to sentiment, which involuntarily obtrudes while inditing their titles. Let us hope that those gallant little juniors, the Mystic and Active clubs, while playing upon the same grounds, will, ere long, proudly and successfully emulate their performances.

**FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA AT BOSTON.**—The authorities of the city of Boston have made a liberal appropriation for a grand regatta, to come off over the usual Charles River course, on the coming anniversary of American Independence. It has, for several years past, been a fine feature of the day's observance in the Tri-Mountain city, and we know that it has afforded great delight and enjoyment to many thousands of spectators upon each occasion. We hope it will pass off with that *clat* and success which marked the regatta of 1861, as that was one of the best affairs of the kind we ever witnessed.

The following gentlemen compose the committee of arrangements:—Messrs. John F. Fray, Henry W. Foley and Morris C. Fitch.

**A TURF MEETING.**—A meeting is called in Philadelphia, for the 20th inst., to take some measures toward forming an association to carry out the race meeting proposed by some New York men.

Are the Philadelphians willing to play second fiddle? If an association is needed, we presume the said association can settle their own affairs, and get up a turf meeting on their own account. Probably it is intended to initiate the experiment in Philadelphia, and if it fails, save New York the mortification of a similar failure, by indefinitely postponing the affair here. Sharp boys, us Yorkers.

**MR. PHELAN AT ASPINWALL.**—This famous billiard player, who left this port on the 21st ult., for a brief sojourn in California, arrived at Aspinwall in due time, in good health and spirits; where, also, he devoted a little time in showing the people there how billiards should be played. Mr. Phelan is now, no doubt, safely quartered in San Francisco, where he should have arrived by the close of the past week.

**THE TARTAR.**—Matters in this branch of sport, are and have been at a very low ebb for some time, unless we except "seesaw shooting," which hardly comes under the head of sport. We are informed, however, that Wm. King, of Springfield, Illinois, is still ready and willing to shoot against any man at any kind of a match, at single, double, or five traps, on reasonable terms. Who dare oppose the King?

**STEPHEN H. BRANCO'S ANACONDA** is the suggestive title of a very sheet now lying before us. Stephen's "Anaconda" deals out some crushing blows, and envelopes in its folds some of the "mighty men of Gotham." Some startling revelations may be found in the paper; the "Anaconda" seems to be "up" in the business.

**"COMING, COMING."**—Picayune Butler—as the rebels call the General—whose "coming" had been so long looked for, arrived in New Orleans in good health, and at once took up his residence at the St. Charles. "Picayune Butler's coming, coming, Picayune Butler's come to town." Ah! ah.

**"SNAKE."**—Our great Python don't like the idea of having so many good eggs wasted, and thinks of "settling" on 'em awhile himself, in the hope of inducing the other big snake to resume her lying in duties. All right. Let him down carefully, handle with care; touch him up tenderly, our snake is so rare.

**AMERICAN EAGLE.**—Among the war trophies at the saloon of Mr. Allen Conroy, 101 Nassau street, is an American eagle, captured on Roanoke Island, by the Hawkins' Zouaves, and presented to Mr. Conroy by Colonel Kimball, of the Zouaves.

**BARNUM'S DOG SHOW.**—This novel affair has proved a complete success, and will be continued during the present week. The following premiums were awarded last week:—

**MONDAY, 12th.**—The \$1,000 premium was awarded to Francis Butler, Esq., for his great Siberian Bloodhound.

**English Greyhounds.**—1st premium, W. M. Bates, Albany; 2d, W. R. Hills; 3d, Thomas Morley; 4th, Charles Cooper; 5th, W. T. Allen; 6th, A. H. Jocelyn. Eight other premiums were awarded.

**St. Bernards.**—1st premium, Mr. F. Butler; 2d, J. B. Eager, Albany; 3d, George Muhlfeld; 4th, F. Gombrecht; 5th, Louis Kensington; 6th, D. J. Robinson. Six other premiums were awarded.

**New-Foundlands.**—1st premium, Mr. F. Butler; 2d, Robert F. Clark; 3d, George P. White; 4th, J. W. Mitchell; 5th, Daniel Curtis; 6th, A. Conkald. Sixteen other premiums were awarded.

**TUESDAY, 13th.**—1st premium, Donald McDonald; 2d, D. C. Allison; 3d, David Smith; 4th, L. T. Hubbard; 5th, Chas. T. Cocks; 6th, William Renshaw. Ten other premiums were awarded.

**Poodles.**—1st premium, Francis Butler; 2d, W. P. Bensall; 3d, Alfred A. Sweeney; 4th, Thos. Marron; 5th, W. Hadden; 6th, J. O. Mouru; 7th, O. Spindler; 8th, J. Barnum.

**English Boobies.**—1st premium, Mr. P. Bishop; 2d, F. L. Hall; 3d, Wm. Cox; 4th, Bull Terriers; 1st premium, Wm. Cox; 2d, F. Butler; 3d, Wm. McLaughlin; 4th, James Trevillian; 5th, Matthew H. Moore; 6th, Henry Hill. Twenty other premiums were awarded.

**Scott Terriers.**—1st premium, Frank Roaders; 2d, F. Butler; 3d, Wm. Henry; 4th, Louis Humbridge; 5th, Richard Tyron; 6th, Patrick McKenna. Ten other premiums were awarded.

**Scott Terriers.**—1st premium, Francis Butler; 2d, John S. Hoey; 3d, Wm. Cox; 4th, Jacob B. Rouse; 5th, P. F. Kavanagh; 6th, Frank Roaders; 7th, Michael J. O'Brien; 8th, Palmer Soper.

**Shepherd Dogs.**—No competition. Discretionary premium awarded to Frederick Dieffenback.

**Edinburgh Scissors.**—First discretionary premium awarded to D. C. Allison, of Trenton, N. J.

**A LITERARY GEM.**—FRANK QUEEN.—Among several specimens of murdering the Queen's English, possessed by Mr. Newbold, of London, I am allowed to copy the following, and if the reader doesn't laugh right out in merriment when he calls it to mind after perusal, he or she ought to swear cellaby or take the veil at once. It was figured out on a greasy, dirty piece of straw paper, and in one corner had a stamp with four white stitches through it to keep it safe. Run your eye over it, please:—

"I Reseved staley Breginfunt quite safe I wold lik to have a neather of his in rten Hattud has he Was in the Ring if you will Reced and a nuff to let me no if you have got hit and wot I must send Pea."

Yours respectd,  
HENRY FLETCHER,  
57 Mansfield St.,  
Liverpool.

Nov. 16, 1861.  
There, now, what do you think? Don't it take the rag off the bush? I guess 'yes.' The beauty of it is the thing is genuine, and copied without one jot's difference, not like most of similar letters gotten up to order. Knowing Louis Gaylord Clark's penchant for spicery morsels, like this, the undersigned respectfully calls his attention to it.

London, April 24, 1862.

## SALE OF IMPORTED ALDERNEY AND AYRSHIRE CATTLE.

ONE of the best attended sales of stock animals that has of late taken place, came off on Thursday, 15th inst., at the New York Tattersalls. Messrs. Haggerty & Co. were the auctioneers, and on this occasion the firm was represented by Henry Palmer, by whom the sale was conducted. The stock offered, consisting of cows and calves, was in the finest possible condition, and for symmetry and beauty, has never been surpassed by any lot offered in this city at public sale. Messrs. Richardson & Watson were the importers of these gentlemen were in attendance, and the stock was sold to those buyers who themselves were judges, as well as in those amateurs who availed themselves of the opportunity to purchase one or more of these beautiful and useful creatures, to ornament the lawn of their country villas. In the arena were many of our best known and opulent merchants, stock fanciers, and breeders of renown; prominent among the stood the venerable John Haggerty, one of the fathers of New York's prosperity, who, left as it were the last representative of his generation, still bears with unusual vigor more than the allotted span. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Haggerty was almost unknown in the city, where, until a few years since, he had played a prominent part for more than half a century, a fact which clearly demonstrates the rapid growth and frequent changes of the Commercial Metropolis of the West.

Precisely at three o'clock, Palmer mounted his stand, and commenced the business of the day. For a time no bids were made for Rosebud, No. 1 on the list of the Alderneys, and it was not until Mr. Richardson assured the audience that the actual cost of importation was an average of \$175 each, that the ball was fairly opened. The first two offered were sold for \$140 each, the second being secured by Mr. Fearing, who subsequently purchased others. These two being disposed of, Mr. Richardson announced, through the auctioneer, that no more of the lot would be sold for less than \$150; this had the desired effect, and prices improved. Lot No. 7, Rosette, a beautiful four-year-old, brought \$170, and was knocked down to Mr. Haggerty; and Mr. Barclay paid \$185 for lot No. 12, named Beauty, for which animal there was considerable competition among the knowing ones. The balance of the cows, sixteen in all, brought an average of \$152.50 each, while the calves realised from \$40 to \$55 each. Mr. Watson's Ayrshires were next in order, and though the prices obtained were not so high as for the former ones, owing, perhaps, to the fact that there was no limit placed by the auctioneer, the bidding was spirited, and an average of \$100 was paid for each animal; lot No. 22, Eliza, and No. 27, Mary, being knocked down at \$140 each. The calves were sold at \$40 each. The Shetland and Welsh ponies were offered, and brought what appeared to us to be fabulous prices in these directions. For a horse named Whitehouse, a fat, dumpy little creature, being sold for \$135, the purchaser being assured by Palmer that she could pace in 2:50; perhaps she can. Fanny brought \$120, while the others realised \$110 and \$115 a piece; and doubtless, ere this will reach the eye of the reader, all will have shown themselves in the Central Park, to the great delight of Young America. The Leicester sheep were shown, but not sold, and the announcement was made that lambs could be purchased of Mr. Richardson during the month of June for \$15 each. This concluded the stock sale of the day. Sellers and buyers seemed alike pleased with the result, and the prizes were one by one led away to their respective new homes. The sum realised was in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. It was a good sale, well conducted, and the sight of so many finely bred animals proved ample compensation to those who attended merely for the purpose of gratifying their taste. We hope to see more of them, for it is through the medium of such sales and gatherings, that the stock of the country is improved by the infusion of blood into our native herds.

**A FOOT RACE ON THE SACRED SOIL.**—On the 13th inst., during the march of the 3d Reg't, N. Y. V. and other troops from Barhamville to Kent Court, N. Y., two of the boys in the regiment, named Swing and Royal, considerably elated at the prospect of doing high upon Richmond, got up a little rivalry between themselves as to which one's propulsive powers were in the best condition. The "soap," one dollar, was forthwith put up, for a spin of 100 yards, with knapsack and kit complete. On the other scratch, fully armed and equipped, rather too much of a good thing for fast time making, off they put, throwing "fire" and "lead" in their rear with their reverent brooms, in the most comical manner possible. The affair was most amusing to their comrades, who cheered Swing lustily as he swung past the winning goal some five yards ahead, giving a practical illustration that a Royal family cannot expect to thrive under republican institutions. Royal intends, however, to tackle Swing again, of which we shall probably hear the result soon.

**THAT FOOT RACE AT THE RED HOUSE, Harlem,** which is set down for the 23d inst., for \$100 a side, between Mat Cassidy and Po'keepsie Jim, is progressing favorably, we are informed, and the second deposit has been duly posted.

## THE RING.

**WM. CLARKE'S SALOON.**—THE GEM.—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including portraits of most of the eminent sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen of their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-f

**WILSON'S RETREAT, WEEHAWKEN, N. J.**—The proprietor of the above named establishment takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he again solicits their patronage. The best of ales, wines, liquors and cigars will be kept constantly on hand, and every effort made to make the visits of parties who may favor him with a call, pleasant and agreeable. His greatest attraction, and which will be found in the best condition and ready for play.

**N. B.**—The boats from 42d street to Weehawken are now running regularly. 4-5\*

**QUOTING.**—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoting wheel, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player.

**CAPT. TIM WATERS.**—The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. (6-3m) T. WATERS.

**PRIZE FIGHTING CASE.**—The sentence of Hen Winkle and J. Elliott, who were arrested on the charge of prize fighting, and pleaded guilty, has been postponed, till after further inquiry into the matter. To punish a couple of men who were doing no injury to anyone, and who were merely having a little sport with the hands, in a manly manner, seems carrying the thing a little too far.

**JOE COBURN'S EXHIBITION.**—The sparring exhibition for the benefit of Joe Coburn, which is to come off on Monday evening next, 26th inst., at the City Assembly Rooms, promises to draw together a large concourse of sportsmen. Coburn is a very good boxer, and the city have promised their assistance, and we have no doubt the boys will turn out in strong force to assist a brother pug. The closing set, between Coburn and Clark, should alone be worth the price of admission, for both men are among the best delineators of the art in the country.

As we are requested to state that several challenges appeared while Coburn was away from the city, he had no chance to reply to them at the time. Price, he says, challenged to fight any man in the country, bar Heenan. Now, if this banter is still open, Coburn will fight Price, or any other man in the country, bar none, for from \$1,000 upwards. Any one desiring to accept, can have an opportunity at Coburn's exhibition, or by replying to this offer. If none accept, Coburn will soon leave for England, where he hopes to get on with Mace.

Don't forget the exhibition for Monday evening, May 26th, and give Joe a bumper.

**BILLY DONNELLY'S BENEFIT.**—This exhibition took place at Montgomery Hall, 76 Prince street, on Tuesday evening, 13th inst. Billy being a clever boxer, and always on hand when any brother professional needed a lift, found no difficulty in filling the hall with admirers and friends. The hall is a very poor place for a sparring exhibition, there being no seats or any other accommodation, all being obliged to stand, and when the company is large, leaving little or no space for the boxers; besides, not doing harm to the spectators, and the money, especially the timid ones. Our good sportsmen dislike setting to under such difficulties, and this may account for the non-appearance of most of those advertised to set to, as we saw a number of them "bobbing round," who did not put on the mits. We hope without wishing to injure the proprietor of 76 that the boys will try to do better for the benefit of the cause.

The sparring was not of a very good order, only a few of the sets-to being worthy of mention, viz.—Fox and Wallace; Cornell and Bath; Cock Robin and a clever little fellow whose name we could not catch; and Tegan and Young Toney. The last named had a regular glove-fight in earnest, Tegan throwing Toney heavily, the latter being a stout fellow, and weighing in at 170 lbs. Tegan was in a friendly manner, as he had a very sore finger. Tegan asked why he put on the gloves if he did not want to "go in," saying if he was afraid of mittens he had no doubt he would run from knuckles; and, growing excited, said that Toney had "blowed about" that he was going to best him, which he, Tegan, was sure he could not do, ending by intimating that he could whip Toney in three minutes. This got Toney's "Dutch" up, causing him to throw the gloves on the floor, and questioning Tegan's ability to whip him at all. A grand rush was then made, toward the excited youths, to stop the brewing free fight, some for the deer, while some cried out "Police! Police!" After some loud talk, quiet was restored, and, as O. B. once said, "Noboy was hurt." Young Donnelly and Billy gave the wind-up, but did not do so well as we expected, probably owing to the small space allowed them to perform in. Tom the Bootman officiated as M. C., and returned Billy's thanks to the audience for their liberal patronage; after which, all went home, we suppose, as we did.

**CHALLENGE.—GLOVE FIGHT.**—I, Geo. Fowler, will fight a glove fight, according to the rules of the prize ring, for \$100 a side, according to the rules of the prize ring. Fight to come off within four months from date of signing articles. Man and money ready at Croton Falls, Westchester Co., N. Y.

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**DEATH OF A PUGILIST.**—The remains of Jack Moncrief, who will be remembered as a staunch boxer, took place at the Cemetery, Lower Tooting, near London, Eng., in the presence of a large number of the sporting fraternity, amongst whom were Joe Coles, with whom he fought one of the greatest battles on record, Harry Wright, Jack Hisslip, Jerry Noon, &c. We hear that he has left his wife in the greatest distress, but no doubt sporting men will do something for her. Jerry Noon has consented to get up a fund.

**BOXING IN OMAHA.**—An exhibition at the Court House, Omaha City, Nebraska, on the 5th, was well attended. The most amusing feature of the evening seems to have been a set-to between two "sun-burnt" individuals from "Dixie," who pummeled away at each other with more vigor than skill. The concluding set-to, between Messrs. Swits and Mason, was a heating fratricidal exhibition of skill, and fully realized the expectations of the audience. Mr. Swits started for Colorado on the 9th Monday, to go into training for his match with Con. Oren.

## BALL PLAY.

## THE NEW BALL GROUNDS IN BROOKLYN.

## GRAND OPENING GAMES.

## A LARGE NUMBER OF LADIES PRESENT.

Last winter the Union Skating Pond on Marcy Avenue and Rutledge street, Brooklyn, E. D., was the daily resort of hundreds of the ladies resident in Williamsburgh and its vicinity, and so much accustomed to the place did they become, that when the ice disappeared, and skating was "played out," as Mrs. Davis would say, a void was left, and it became desirable that the vacant space should be occupied by something equally as attractive as the Union Pond had been. To supply the want, was, therefore, the object of the directors of the association; and the worthy President, availing himself of our suggestion to turn the locality into a Base Ball ground, went to work with his usual energy, and by the second week in May had transformed the muddy and hilly foundation of the pond into a fine ball ground, and on the 15th of May opened the same to the public, the attraction of the occasion being the playing of a game between two nines chosen from among the members of the three clubs who are permanently to occupy the grounds. The attendance on the grounds on the day in question was unusually numerous for so early a period of the season, the ladies especially turning out in full force, nearly filling the building erected for the special accommodation. A fine band of music was in attendance during the afternoon, and discoursed some excellent music. Indeed, the scene was quite a



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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,  
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1862.

## WAR LETTER.

THE SICKLES BRIGADE—GALLANT SUPPORT OF THE  
SECOND FIRE ZOUAVES.

Brutal Treatment of New York Firemen Soldiers.

## ON TO RICHMOND.

PLAY BILL OF THE RICHMOND THEATRE.

From our old Pittsburgh theatrical correspondent, "Adelphi,"  
now with the Sickles Brigade on the Peninsula, we have received  
the following account of the battle of Williamsburg, and other  
movements of the Grand Army of the Potomac. It will be read  
with interest by all who have relatives and friends among those  
defenders of the Union—

HEADQUARTERS CO. E. 1ST REGT. SICKLES BRIGADE,

70th N. Y. S. Vols.

FRIDAY EVENING. In consequence of my continued silence you  
have doubtless gained the impression that I had "ceased to  
inhabit this mundane sphere," as a facetious friend at my elbow  
remarks. It gives me infinite pleasure, however, to assure you  
that you are out of your reckoning entirely there, and that thus  
far my digestion has not been interfered with in the least by  
"secess" pills, though they buzzed around our heads with a  
perfect loquaciousness recently. You have doubtless already learned  
all the particulars of the desperate struggle which transpired at  
Williamsburg on the 5th inst., therefore I shall repeat the  
story. Our regiment (1st Sickles brigade, 70th N. Y. S. Vols.)  
was in the fight from 12½ till 3½ P. M., during which time the  
battle raged the fiercest. We were on the left of the line of battle,  
our position being among underbrush and fallen timber, where  
we were exposed to a murderous fire from the enemy concealed  
in the woods in front, and a crossfire from those posted in the  
rifle pits, which were numerous in the open field to the right,  
and in which were placed the rebel sharpshooters. The hardest  
fighting of the day took place at this point, and hundreds of brave  
fellow fell to rise no more. The rebels had every advantage  
over us, being protected by the timber, while we had nothing to  
shield us but the felled trees, and were obliged to do all our  
fighting upon our knees or lying down behind the logs.

It being certain that we were to stand up for a moment, we have  
since learned that no less than seven regiments of the "Chivalry"  
were opposed to us in these woods, who came up one after the  
other and poured their fire into the ranks of the "Zouaves." We  
fought with desperation, and never once flinched or  
wavered. Thrice were we repulsed, but rallied again, and drove  
the traitors back with great loss of life. Shortly after two o'clock  
the rebels made an attempt to flank us, and had nearly accom-  
plished their purpose, when those noble fellows—the 2d Fire  
Zouaves—came to our assistance, cheering the men on, and with  
a shout we dashed at the secess, and compelled them to drop  
back again. The Zouaves fought bravely, as their sadly dimini-  
shed numbers will attest; they can scarcely muster 400 men  
now. Fire Zouaves have a very poor show for life when they  
once fall into the clutches of the rebels, who regard them with  
the deepest hate, and have never known show them mercy.

After this engagement was over we found a number of them  
with bayonet wounds through different parts of their bodies,  
showing that they had been bayoneted by the wretches after  
having been wounded. The fight in this portion of the field was  
conducted at very close quarters, frequently hand to hand, and  
the cold steel was oftentimes brought into requisition. A very  
destructive fire was kept up all the time, never slackening for a  
moment, and it was fearful the manner in which the balls whirled  
and hummed. I cannot describe my sensations during the  
conflict, although of one thing I am certain, which is, that I never  
expected to be spared to indite this to you. Thank Heaven,  
I am here, I escaped without a scratch, and hope yet to see  
the termination of this unholy rebellion. At 3½ o'clock  
reinforcements arrived, and we were withdrawn from the field;  
the reinforcement did not come a minute too soon, as we were,  
many of us, out of ammunition entirely, and the rebels were at  
the time pressing me slowly but surely back. Up to this time  
Hose No. 2, which had maintained the unequal struggle alone,  
and the loss throughout the division was very heavy, the severest  
being in the Sickles Brigade. The First Regiment fared the worst,  
being literally cut to pieces. Col. Wm. Dwight was wounded in  
four different places, and is now lying at Williamsburg, receiv-  
ing medical treatment; his wounds are very severe, though not  
necessarily dangerous. Lieut. Col. J. Egbert Farnum was car-  
ried from the field, having received four dangerous wounds.  
Major Thos. Holt is now in command of the regiment. Though  
in the thickest of the fight, he fortunately escaped unhurt,  
though having some narrow escapes, his clothing being perforated  
by bullets in a number of places. Nearly all our officers  
were picked off by sharpshooters in the rear part of the line;  
only two captains escaped free, while four were shot dead on  
the field; nearly every lieutenant was either killed or seriously  
wounded. The total number of killed, wounded, and missing  
of the regiment amounts to three hundred and thirty-six,  
about one hundred being killed. Alas! many a brave fellow  
who was looking forward with joyous anticipations to the hour  
which should announce the termination of this cruel strug-  
gle, and he should be permitted to return from the field of  
battle to the pleasures and endearments of home, which he  
had sacrificed at the call of his country, offered up his life  
that day, and is now quietly sleeping his last long sleep  
beneath the sod upon which was spilled his life-blood, and  
they rest in peace! The loss in the brigade is estimated at eight  
hundred, rank and file. In our company alone the loss reaches  
38, including all our commissioned officers. Several companies  
lost as high as 42. Our men are greatly troubled by the effeminate  
and unjust reports of the battle, which have been published  
in the leading journals, and which ascribe the victory gained  
and give all the credit to troops who were engaged in the conflict  
but a few minutes, and lost not a single man, refusing even to  
make honorable mention of those who sustained the brunt of the  
battle. This is calculated to discourage and dishearten the men.  
But we trust that the services of the "Excelsior Brigade" will yet  
be acknowledged, and that "honor to whom honor is due" will  
be returned. We await patiently the issue. What is intended to  
be done with our brigade I have not learned. It is in no  
condition to enter the field at present, and will have to be reor-  
ganized. We expect to be put on garrison duty. At present we  
are following the "grand army" on its way to Richmond, which  
village we hope and expect to see inside of three weeks. We  
will be marching on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock, making fifteen  
miles during the day. To-day we moved on five miles further,  
to our present place of encampment—a beautiful level field,  
covered with a healthy young growth of clover. The brigades of  
Gens. Sickles and Nagley are encamped here. We are within  
four miles of West Point, where Franklin's and Sedgwick's  
Divisions are at present encamped. Our advance is now six  
miles beyond West Point. We are edging on toward the  
Capital, but anticipate having several skirmishes ere we  
reach that place. Well, let 'em come; we are prepared to meet  
the dastards, and are perfectly confident in our ability to  
"clean 'em out." I believe with Magruder, that if the rebels  
cannot make a stand behind such intrenchments as those they  
had thrown up around Yorktown and Williamsburg, they  
next to an impossibility to do so anywhere on the peninsula.  
The report has just come into camp that Norfolk has been taken, and  
the Merrimack blown to smithereens; the rumor comes from  
a seemingly reliable source, but we hesitate before crediting it.  
So many idle rumors are continually flying about an encampment  
that we always like to see before we consent to believe.  
We expect to leave again to-morrow. The country through  
which we have passed presents a very desolate appearance.  
Nearly all the houses are deserted, and everything has been laid  
waste by the retreating seceders. Along the road, we found  
diversified pieces of heavy artillery which had become deeply im-  
bedded in the mud, and the rebels were obliged to leave them  
first spiking them, and burning the carriages. We also passed

the charred remains of a number of wagons, which had been  
burned by the retreating enemy. McCallan is following up the  
traitors rapidly, and they must be about as long as we are.  
I have enclosed a programme for the "Richmond Varieties,"  
which was picked up in the William and Mary College after our  
troops had occupied the town, by my friend Charles Walsh, who  
kindly gave it to me to forward to you. It will be worthy of preser-  
vation as a memento of the occupation of the University by the  
Union troops, and likewise hold up to view those exponents  
of the drama who are now catering for the amusement of the fre-  
quenter of the great secession capital. Mark them. The time is  
fast approaching when those individuals will be looking for sup-  
port to the loyal people of the Northern States; we will see  
whether they receive it or not. (See theatrical department for a  
copy of the bill.—Ed. Clip.) I am happy to state that none of  
the profession attached to our regiment fell during Monday's  
combat; all are in good health and spirits, and hope yet to tread  
the stage as they were wont to in days gone by.

I cannot close this letter without complimenting you, friend  
Queen, upon the very neat and handsome appearance put in by  
the saucy little Clipper at present. Think the change you  
have recently made a most excellent one, and one, too, which  
has met the approbation of the thousands who weekly peruse its  
columns. It comes to me regularly every week, and many an  
hour have I profitably spent in culling its overflowing columns,  
which would grow, and of necessity, have been wasted in idle-  
ness. The CLIPPER is, indeed, a rare gem, and I am happy to  
number it thumbed weekly until the print is scarce. I observe  
in the CLIPPER's growing prosperity afford me infinite gratifica-  
tion. Long may she wave, and continue to dwell all competitors  
in the making of a paper, and predict a vast swelling of its cir-  
culation in this struggle which has brought to a crisis. Hoping  
this may be soon, I beg leave to remain, Yours as ever,  
ADELPHI.

## MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND, AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY EDWIN JAMES.

## NEW SERIES—NUMBER SIX.

CHARLEY LYNCH, THE AMERICAN—JEM WARD—JOE  
HOWE—JACK HOPKINS, &c., &c.

A FEW weeks ago, in company with Charley Lynch, I went out  
for an afternoon's ramble. Our place of meeting was at Jem  
Ward's, in Whitechapel Road. It's not every day one can have a  
talk with one of the "old masters," like Jem Ward—one, too,  
whom both England and America will unite in honoring long  
after he himself has passed away. Jem Ward is a man of great  
character, and of a very old age. He is a native of America, and  
a pugilist who would believe such a thing to be possible.  
And what will the Maw-worms have to say at such a combina-  
tion? Here's a man whom both Corinthians and lovers of the  
fine arts will in future years almost reverence; the very name of  
Jem Ward will bring back scenes and incidents that at this day  
are buried in apparent obscurity, only waiting till the hero him-  
self should come out to spruce into a startling existence.  
It's the way of the world, though, a man of real talent is  
seldom properly appreciated while living; but death makes his  
name famous for future centuries. I'm one of the class who pre-  
fer giving every man his due while he remains in the flesh, and  
letting him know what the world really thinks of his abilities.  
What better example than Jem Ward, whose studio is very little  
inferior to that of the great genius Turner, and the latter has one  
large room exclusively filled with his productions at the National  
Gallery here. Mr. Ward has exhibited his handiwork in the  
Manchester Fine Arts Gallery, and might do so in this city but  
for his unassuming modesty, and whereas the veriest dabbles are  
advertised as the height of perfection, and reap a harvest for ex-  
hibitors, we have a gallery of wonderfully choice and original  
sketches almost hid from the world in a little room over Jem  
Ward's bar-parlor. Then there's his daughter, Miss Eleanor  
Ward, one of the most finished pianists in the world whose per-  
sonal attractions are not a whit below her musical abilities—she  
has so much of her father's retiring disposition that one-half of  
England has yet to know of her existence. Jack, too, a young  
man, beside a Thalberg, Gottschalk, Mason, or Goldschmidt.  
But I might fill sheet after sheet, and then not begin to do jus-  
tice to either Mr. Ward or his accomplished daughter. What a  
rare book would the Veteran's history be, and how I wish he  
could be induced to write an autobiography! But to return to  
other matters. We met Mr. Lynch, and Jack, and to see his  
Novice, then matched to fight Ben Bandoff on the 8th of April.  
This youngster had never as much as seen a ring fight, while Ban-  
doff is an old fighter, possessed of good science with gloves, but  
there's a something lacking when opposed to the bare knuckles.  
Jack Hopkins (for that's the novice's name) stands full six feet  
in his stockings, and is a very good looking fellow, and a very  
likely young fellow would be served. His nob is certainly not such  
as Flora McFlimsy would think an intellectual one—yet it is well  
adapted for the business in hand, being unusually small and the  
forehead receding, with none too much nose, yet sufficient  
to make a man look like a man. He had just come in from doing  
a little errand, and he was in a hurry to get home to his  
own words. "What will be the best thing for me to do to-  
morrow?" asked Mrs. Hattie Rowe of her "worse half." (This is only fun,  
remember.) Joe, the modern Adonis. Well, it won't do for him  
to drink either, or to smoke, or to eat, or to sleep, or to be in a  
bowl of gruel, Hattie? To this the handsome little lady readi-  
ly acquiesced, and in five minutes or so, little Jack Hopkins was  
diving into a bowl of "gruel" as big as a dish cover or the top of  
a good sized drum: where he managed to put it was a mystery to  
all present, and I noticed it was all Mrs. Rowe could do to keep  
from laughing, and to see what the young man would do. Joe's  
prettily and amiable partner. "Oh! I feel a little better,  
mam, thank ye, but a couple of eggs and a few biscuits wouldn't  
hurt us, would they?" "No," replied Joe, suppressing a laugh,  
"just boil him two, Hattie, while I go and get some biscuits." It  
didn't take long to dispose of this lot, and then Master Hopkins  
thanked his mother, and went to bed. The next morning, being  
on Newmarket Heath, Tom Sayers' favorite spot, and certainly  
looked in good form. As regards his chances, Lynch asked him  
did he think he could win? With a blow on the counter that  
made the whole house shake, he answered, "I know b—y well  
I shall win!" Not very choice language, to be sure, but decidedly  
emphatic.

There was quite a nice little party assembled—all noted men  
except me—Joe set to thinking how to amuse them: "I have  
it," says he; "well keep it!" replied Lynch; "I've got a little  
pup here no bigger than a rat, who kills the critters like any  
thing," continued Joe, "and if you step this way, boys, you shall  
see a little sport." He all followed Joe into the pit, and sure  
enough the little pup was there, and he was so small that one, two, and three were  
chucked in to be operated on, and but for color, it was hard to tell dog from rat, they were so near in  
size. "That's a chip of the old block, and no mistake," said Mr.  
Paunch, a well-known publican who used to keep Jimmy Shaw's  
present house. "B—n, it is, how he nicks 'em!" rejoined Plat-  
catcher. "A I think it was a very good dog, and a very good  
here Joe felt the honors falling so thick and fast on him and his  
dog's head, that, after giving one of his peculiar nods, he picked  
up the poodle and walked. Coming along, he showed us another  
odd customer—a dog that bolts rats without any mastication, like  
a snake: after swallowing three rats, Lynch threw down a jack-  
pot, and said, "I think it was a very good dog, and a very good  
from bolting that; here's a study for dyspeptics! I couldn't  
help thinking of the line, "May good digestion wait on appetite,"  
and softly whispered it in Bolter's ears on leaving. Being in  
somehow of a hurry, after a sociable draught, myself and Lynch  
left the guests on their way for the afternoon. It was sometime  
ere we got out, how Joe and Lynch came to see us, and Lynch  
Joe dog looking at the first page of the New York Clipper  
with engraving of a London Dog Show, which Mr. Rowe has had  
handsomely framed pro bono publico! Hurra for our side!

## DIRTY DICK'S, OF SHOREDITCH.

There used to be an old fellow named Wadlow, who kept a beer  
shop in North William street, N. Y., as well known among a certain  
class as Wm. Hastings is with penitents and political world.  
"Old Wadlow," as everybody called him, was a very elderly  
Englishman, who hired two large rooms and used but one, keep-  
ing the front room as though unoccupied by having the shutters  
up. I never visited the concern in daylight, but got taken  
there occasionally by Barclay Gallagher, as a place where we  
could have a fine glass of beer on the quiet. On my first  
visit I felt rather awkwardly penetrating the gloom and mys-  
terious den, but relied on my friend's knowledge for guidance and  
safety. The inner door found this odd fish was seen in his  
shirt sleeves and apron, fumbling over a package of letters, by the  
light of a solitary candle; a couple of old three-legged stools  
comprised all his furniture, except a greasy board for writing  
purposes, and a few shelves. If everything else looked queer  
and spectre-like, not so his ale, for that tasted better than any  
other ale in New-York, or Williamsburg either, and all who  
have tried "Old Hughes's," near the Grand Street Ferry, and  
Old Antiquity's, in North William street, will give their verdict  
unhesitatingly in favor of the latter. Wadlow was a man of few  
words, evidently with some heavy responsibility on his mind—yet  
a kinder hearted piece of mortality would be hard to find outside  
Quakerdom. His ale served up in pewter mugs like they do  
here, and invariably offered a crust of bread, if any one wished  
it with his "alf-mug" of ale, free of extra charge. One thing is cer-  
tain, Wadlow never earned enough to pay his rent, and most  
people thought him a poor fellow, and he was very well liked  
with the dunces. He may be living or he may be dead for all I  
know, but his memory will ever be respected by those who un-  
derstood his queer, generous ways. Well, then, what old Wad-  
low is or was to New-York, "Dirty Dick" is to London, only "a  
little more so." "Dirty" don't hide his light under a bushel;  
"contrarywise," he has a shop on the busy thoroughfare of  
Shoreditch, and in another way—he vents nothing except spirits,  
while Wadlow confined himself to ales. The inside of Dick's  
shop is abominable; everything is an inch thick with dust, dirt,  
and grease; cobwebs, filthy line the ceiling, and hang dangling  
about one's face, while a filthy counter extends some  
twenty feet; the very ale is a disgusting drink, and the only  
object of relief is a crumpled, time-worn play-bill, with the  
words "Dirty Dick" printed thereon. No one seems to know  
anything further of the proprietor than he's "Dirty Dick," and  
or dust-brush. His shop is never known to disgrace itself with a broom  
that it is rare indeed to pass the shop without seeing a house  
full of customers. This is the more surprising, as "Dirty" never

serves out two glasses in succession to anybody! The only way is to  
call for one, drink it, go outside for fifteen minutes, then come  
in again for another, and so on all day if you can stand that  
process, and are particularly anxious to get gloriously "how-come-  
you-so" on good liquor. If there was nothing to make "Dirty  
Dick" notorious, this one rule—no to allow anybody over one  
glass of liquor—would make his dirty name famous, if not  
drink at a time—would make his dirty name famous, if not  
throughout the world, the grand object is to play you with the rotten  
stuff until the uttermost farthing has been extracted, and the  
affable landlords bundle their besotted victims out neck-and-  
crop sans ceremony. Honestly speaking, I never saw one hun-  
dred and one of the craving for liquor by men, women, and  
children—especially in the morning, when they are in the  
street, as I have the few months I've been in London. If, there-  
fore, "Dirty Dick" has no other redeeming feature, the incident  
above mentioned will serve for a little reflection and amusement.  
Would to goodness others might follow his example!

## THE ALHAMBRA STUDIO.

As Lynch said after leaving Dirty Dick's, "We must make the  
most of our time, and see all the Shoreditch sports." But is the  
Alhambra Studio a sporting house? you may say to yourself.  
Well, yes, in a certain way, but not perhaps in the way you im-  
agine. The "Studio" is not a porter, but a celebrated Rail-  
Photographic Gallery, nearly opposite the Eastern Counties Rail-  
Photographic Gallery, and a short distance from Jem Mace's. What New-  
bold's house is to the West End, Mose's Studio is to the East End—a place well worth anybody's while to pay a visit.  
Here are massive quarto photographs of the English Champion  
and his late opponent, Sir Tom King, colored so attractively and  
elegant as to make even the most fastidious stop and gaze on  
his "people." At Mose's Studio you can obtain at least half  
a dozen portraits from the neat little carte de visite to the almost  
life-size full-length—it was here I purchased the card photograph  
of Mace, the first week I was in London, referred to in the ac-  
count of Jem's hostilities. Mose, Nichols, like many other clever  
artists with you, has a great call from other photographers, who  
buy his specimens, and frame them as having been taken by  
their own artists; indeed, most all the show case portraits in  
Shoreditch were purchased from the Alhambra. We found the  
sporting proprietor up to his eyes in business, and taking por-  
traits like lightning; nevertheless, he found time for a confab,  
and insisted on saving Charley Lynch with "me, too" (this be-  
longed to Eph Horn) in one picture side by side; this was certain-  
ly something never expected, and goes a great way in showing  
the half-fellow-well-met sort of sports to be found occasionally  
even in this city—men of "the right sort," as Charley Westhall  
would say. In the Alhambra I had the pleasure of an introduc-  
tion to Harry Page, Champion Banjo Player of England, and a  
talented, and a most agreeable fellow. Harry is a tall, slim-  
built young fellow, with well-cultivated mustache and im-  
perial; to better explain his features—he resembles the rebel  
general, Beauregard, but has none of that deluded traitor's pec-  
uliarities; on the contrary, Mr. Page showed rare social qualities,  
which the invisible, Chivalrous General never possessed in  
his mis-spent life. Harry would not mind and instrument in the  
States, and is so satisfied he could hold his own both  
as an instrumental and vocal performer, that he only wants an  
offer from some of his brother "cullies" to prove it "ere fac.  
Now it stands to reason, if Harry Page has beat all the banjo  
players in England, he must be up to a thing or two in his line of  
business. In Middlesex street, where he has a room for his  
band, he is here, he signs to try his luck in some other coun-  
try. Here's a chance for somebody in the States to secure the  
Champion Banjo Player of England as a sensation for 1862!  
Which of the Music Halls stand in need? If so, Harry Page is  
open to engagement, and that's what he wants to be ex-  
posed to. There's no denying the Negro Minstrels from America  
had a glorious reception throughout all England, as Pony  
Moore, Jim Raynor, Dave Wambold, Mert Sexton, Lewis, Run-  
sey & Newcomb's Company, etc., can testify to a man—and I be-  
lieve you will be equally friendly to any of the profession who  
are thrown on your indulgence for providing a good show, and  
talent and haven't run down Americans to find more favor with  
certain portions of their own country. Harry is not only clever,  
but thinks a heap of glorious old Yankee doddle, and that's  
why I've taken the pleasure of introducing him to your notice.  
Faugh a ballagh!

## AMONG THE SHENIES.

Relying altogether on Lynch for finding my way in and out of  
the queer streets that branch off Shoreditch and Whitechapel,  
I next found we were in the very heart of the Anti-Fort League,  
in Middlesex street, where the most of the most luxurious  
it of no use to expect me to say how I got there, because the  
thing "can't be said": the place was like the maze at Hampton  
Court, where it's much easier to get lost than in the maze that  
used to be on Fifth Avenue, just opposite the Reservoir. Suffice  
it to say, we were in a narrow, dirty, almost impassable cor-  
ridor, as Middlesex street is called, and a party of us were  
about to pass, and none too much for pedestrians, especially if  
they had just come off ship, or taken too much of Governor  
Dorr's beverage. Almost the first object we saw was a drunken  
Jewess haranguing a Sir Bobby Blue, who was persuading her to  
go peacefully home or he should have to put a pair of "brackets"  
on her, she apparently could not understand his words, and other  
men just went "to the bad" in very strong language, almost as  
powerful as the cream she had got so amiable upon. The "bobby"  
beginning to lose temper, there was every prospect of fun  
about the place, and Lynch, who was very thoughtful, and  
said everybody roaring by producing an old-fashioned china  
image (said to represent a heathen deity) that he borrowed from  
Joe Rowe: both policeman, Jewess, and all assembled, gave such  
a hearty outburst, that all the vendors of fried fish, smoked beef,  
wurst, and "lettens" came running out of their dens with one  
object in view, to see what the "bobby" was doing, and to see  
well timed, that Rebecca recovered sobriety, the Peeler his  
dignity, and all Jades got a "stitch" by laughing so much. We  
next entered a spirit-vault to escape the crowd, who all knew  
Charley, and were piping out his name with all manner of intona-  
tions: a lot of flash Jews crammed the barroom, gathered around  
the spirit-vault, and the long narrow street was a party of us  
playing cards "trumpce a packet," and they called "Original  
Jacobs," and the way he disposed of "them keards" was a  
caution to rat catchers: some took a dozen packs to sell again  
for sixpence, while most everybody took one set because  
they were so "sheep," as Jacobs said. A couple of daz-  
zling beauties tended bar, presided over by their moth-  
er, a "heavy tragedienne" bearing traces of former lov-  
eliness, who seemed to have wonderful control over the  
riff-raff, owing, probably, to the "tick system" of giving  
out liquor; if they got too noisy she would stop their grog for  
a few days or deny them credit in future; in this way she brought  
order out of chaos. I didn't fancy the class of customers at all—  
they all seemed "on the make," and several attempted to sponge  
themselves on our acquaintance or ring in, for the sake of being  
called "shamile." From here we called on Moon-Jeddy Joe, a  
noted Israelite keeping a coffee shop just above; a motley medley  
infused hung around here—from the grey-headed patriarch to the  
strapping tender years. Not liking the closeness of the house,  
nor the assembly, I turned to Lynch, and he suggested a walk  
for refreshment, which hint was acted upon. We called on  
probably a dozen in all, whose names I've forgotten except  
George Yeend, (green-grocer), and Josh Isaacs, (butcher), both  
great betting men and backers; we also met two of Johnny  
Aaron's brothers, one of whom, "Lemp," I've often seen spar  
in White street, N. Y., and consequently had a long talk to-  
gether concerning poor Johnny's misfortune; the other brother married  
Dutch Sam's sister. Barney Aaron is very well known about  
this neighborhood, and, in fact, all sporting Jews make the vicinity  
of Middlesex street, Aldgate, their headquarters when in England.  
Leaving "maine peoples," we returned to Jem Ward's, met Peter  
Crawley and Captain Smith in the bar-parlor, had a sociable glass  
or two, a little conversation, and then ran across to the Eppingham  
Theatre Saloon to put down a second deposit in a match for a mile  
race, which resulted in Lynch receiving forfeit through the non-  
appearance of one of the parties. Here I was introduced to  
several Eppingham actors, and a ten-£. bid all a hearty good-  
night, arriving at my lodgings in proper season. All of the many  
new wrinkles I had seen, a few of which I have attempted  
describe for the reader's amusement or information—may be  
both and may be neither, but I hope otherwise.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

FIREMEN AS PEDESTRIANS.—The half-mile running race be-  
tween the firemen of New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg,  
for a silver trumpet, "valued at one hundred dollars," came off  
at the Melodion, Broadway, on Wednesday evening, 14th inst.,  
the affair not proving a remarkable success. The fact is, that  
members of the Department, although possessing many of the  
most remarkable powers of pedestrianism which they are ready  
and willing to exhibit "when duty calls," are, as a general rule,  
not over-anxious to display their gifts of "locomotion" to gratify  
an audience, or for any prize. Hence, we find that but four  
competitors presented themselves, three from New York, and one  
New York; the fourth, the winner, was a good representative of  
Hose No. 2, of Williamsburg. In order to accomplish the half  
mile, the ring had to be circled twenty times, which interfered  
materially with any remarkable display of time. The audience,  
the friends of the contestants, all were apparently satisfied  
with the result, and the elated and the disappointed separated in  
mutual good humor. We append the record:—

Company. Time.  
Jacob Clark.....Hose Co. No. 2, Wmbs'g.....2m 20½s  
James Keenan.....Engine Co. No. 47, N. Y.....2 21½  
J. Granahan.....Hose Co. No. 41, N. Y.....2 25½  
Wm. Dobson.....Engine Co. No. 11, N. Y.....2 25

A HUNDRED YARDS' SPIN.—A dash of this distance came off on  
April 5th, at San Francisco, Cal., over the Willow Park, between  
Parson Rix and Mr. Dyer, \$300. The betting was exceedingly  
spirited, the friends of the conductor being decidedly sanguine  
of his success. A capital start was effected, but his reverence  
broke away from him like a rocket, and raked down the  
persimmons.

FOOT RACE AGAINST TIME.—Seth M. Cain, of Grass Valley, Cal.,  
thought he could run from Grass Valley to Nevada, and back,  
in one hour and a half, and recently made the attempt. The  
distance is about fourteen miles. A purse of \$2.50 was made up to see  
him do it, and he was so confident he could win that he staked  
the purse against \$1.25. He started, made the trip, but failed to  
do it in the time proposed, by 23 minutes.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

### OBITUARY.

GEORGE H. DERRICKSON.

WHEN the insatiable archer, Death, enters a family circle, levels  
his shafts at the aged and infirm, and gathers to his grim garner  
those who have lived to the allotted "three score and ten,"  
grief at their losses mingles with resignation; but when he re-  
morselessly strikes down the young and gifted, whose budding  
promise gives earnest of future usefulness and distinction, the  
blow is indeed appalling, rending the heart-strings despite the  
anchor of faith and the consolations of religion. To say that  
young DERRICKSON was ripe beyond his years in literary acquire-  
ments and intellectual development, is but a feeble and insignifi-  
cant tribute to one whose rich stores of knowledge had already  
made him famous among his classmates. Although but seven-  
teen, he had mastered as if by intuition the most abstruse prob-  
lems in his scholastic pursuits, and had won the highest honors  
of his class. Above all the many talented competitors in his school,  
he was selected to deliver an address on the 22d Feb. last, on the  
occasion of raising a flag, and many will recall the real and  
fervor and eloquence, far in advance of his years, with which he  
signaled his theme and the occasion.

As an instance of the precocity of his intellectual powers, we  
may say that he stood among the first chess-players of the coun-  
try; and was, up to his last illness, a regular contributor to the  
chess columns of the CLIPPER—as successful an enthusiastic in-  
telligible and elaborating that attractive and scholarly talent.  
But George H. Derrickson, with his fine social and intellectual  
powers, in the full buoyancy of his young life and ardent nature,  
has passed away from among us. "Death loves a shining mark."  
Not the tenderness of a fond father, the prayers of a doting  
mother, the gushing affection of brother and sister, the solici-  
tude of admiring friends, nor the ministrations of medical skill  
could snatch that young manhood from the premature tomb.  
He is gone!—the "places which once knew him, shall know him  
no more forever."

To the above, from a correspondent, the even now unrealized  
pang of so unlooked-for a bereavement permits us to add but  
little. He was our intimate friend as well as favorite correspon-  
dent, (the Chess) pupil of our mutual friend Dr. N. C. Reid. He  
was a frequent visitor at our house, and we never shall forget  
the delight with which he entered upon contests with himself  
and "Phania," and particularly the occasion on which we ac-  
knowledgeed we could no longer give him a piece. He soon  
acquired a broad and comprehensive grasp upon the game, be-  
came intimately acquainted with its book learning, and deeply  
versed in the spirit and tendencies of its scientific walks. His  
star was ascending, and promised the very brightest culmination.  
In problems, his rank was high. Caring little for pictorial beauty  
of diagram, he excelled in the subtle originality of his themes,  
and then in the masterly elaboration of variations, with which  
he wrought out the main idea. Some of these are masterpieces,  
notwithstanding his youth. The best are in the "CLIPPER PAZ-  
ZLE TOURNEY," and those which have appeared for the last few  
months in our col. His own favorite 2-move is on page 113,  
"Clip. Prob. Tour." 3-move, p. 71; 4-move, p. 160, &c. The prob-  
lem of this issue is the last of the last package sent us—sad coun-  
sel! Can it be the last we shall ever see of our young friend  
and favorite contributor? He was eminently social, affable,  
and unaffected. He was beloved from the first by every  
friend; and, we can well believe, idolized by his family. In form  
he was tall and straight, with an appearance of more beauty  
of person than falls to the lot of most men. Of his acquirements,  
both in Chess, his friend has spoken. His chessography was  
one of the most beautiful we ever saw. We treasure a few of his  
letters. Poor George! "Phania" and the writer with joined  
hands, sad hearts, and tearful eyes, unite in casting a poor  
but sincere tribute of friendship and affection upon thy early  
tomb.

## MARTIN MARTIN, ESQ.

This gentleman, whose demise at a ripe age we recorded last  
week, is most intimately connected with our chess reminiscences  
of the metropolis. His chess was solely for his own enjoyment,  
his leisure evenings being divided between it and the opera.  
His game was highly original, and frequently, highly ingenious,  
but eminently defensive in style, always. In its most depressed  
state, the N. Y. Club was sure of a win in its rooms, with  
unabated zeal, playing (usually) with Mr. Thompson for the cus-  
tomary (European) trifle per game—not for its own sake, by any  
means, but merely pour interesser la partie. He won without ex-  
ultation and lost with equanimity. He was one of the most ap-  
proachable of gentlemen, always genial and friendly. We shall  
always vividly remember the pleasing archness of manner with  
which, when he won of Mr. R., receiving Kt, he would turn to  
us, his very soul in his eyes, and slyly remark:—"So, you see,  
if the gentleman will gratify his vanity at the expense of his games,  
—why, we can't help it, you know." He had no pride of reputa-  
tion whatever, and we don't believe ever published a game of his  
own in his life. Yet he was in all tournaments, or whatever was  
calculated to build up the club; and if any one else recorded and  
published his contests, he was pleased. His play was always ex-  
tremely rapid. He was the Actuary of the N. Y. Club, and his  
name will



## SPORTS ABROAD.

## THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.  
MAY 6.—Wilkinson and Hall—£50 a side, at 9th, 6th, Midland Circuit.  
6.—Peter Morris and John Hartley—£25 a side, at 8th, London.  
6.—Marley and Welsh—£25 a side, Welsh to be 9th 3lb, and Marley 10th.  
8.—Evans and Jones—£20 a side, at catch-weight, Western Circuit.  
12.—Hill and the Brighton Doctor—£10 a side, London.  
21.—Hammer Davis and Tom Brown—£5 a side, Birmingham.  
22.—O. Butts and W. Crump—£10 a side, Exeter.

## CONCLUSION OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN GANNON AND HATTON, FOR £100.

The long-pending fight between Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton, at catch-weight, for £100 a side, took place on Tuesday, April 29, at a spot that has been left dormant for some long period of time. Jesse Hatton and Mickey Gannon were matched for £25 a side, to fight at catch-weight on Dec. 17, on which occasion Jesse Hatton refused to choose a referee on any terms proposed. He, however, after some time, increased the stake to £50 a side, and during the long-mooted point to a decision on the above named day.

Jesse Hatton was born March 7, 1833, stands 5ft. 8in. in height, and weighs about 160 lb. His first appearance in the P. R. was with Dick Ellis, of Somers Town, for £15 a side, by whom he was defeated, after fighting 101 rounds in 2 hours and 12 min., at Long Reach, Apr. 4, 1851. In the same year he was again beaten, at Long Reach, by Jack Keefe, for £25 a side, on December 5, in eighty rounds, which lasted 1 hour 30 min. On May 15, 1855, he again met Dick Ellis, for £10 a side, when, after fighting fifty-seven rounds in 1 hour 40 min., at Long Reach, the battle was claimed by both, Ellis not being able to go to the scratch and Hatton being taken out of the ring. Hatton afterwards received the money. Beaten by Bob Travers, £25 a side, in thirty-nine rounds, 1 hour 10 min., at Coombe Bottom, February 5, 1856. Beaten by George Baker, Hatton staking £30 to £25, in sixty-four rounds, 1 hour 40 min., near Hardcliffe, June 17, 1856. Beat Campbell, £25 a side, 130 rounds, 3 hours 11 min., Lower Hope, April 14, 1857. Beat George Baker, £30 to £25, in fifty-three rounds, which lasted 1 hour 25 min., near Lower Hope, May 29, 1857. Beaten by Plantagenet Green, Long Reach, December 22, 1857. Beat Cooper, £25 a side, in forty-three rounds, which were contested for 1 hour 15 min., down the river, March 30, 1858. After this he entered into business as a licensed victualler, and was not an active member of the pugilistic corps until December 17, 1861, on which day he was matched to fight Mickey Gannon, for £25 a side, at catch-weight; but in consequence of his friends not wishing him to fight that day, he would not choose a referee, and the police authorities interfering (at Marston Gate, the place of meeting), the matter remained in abeyance until Jan. 24, 1862, when the original articles were altered to make the stake £50 a side, and the fight was chosen as the day of combat. Jesse soon afterwards went into active training, and finally took up his quarters in the Isle of Wight, under the care of Churchill, of Marylebone, who, aided by his own endeavors, most certainly brought him into first-rate trim, his weight at one time being only 122 lb. Hatton arrived at his own house, the Clarence Hotel, at Marston Gate, on Friday, April 25, and met with a most cordial reception. Of course the house was crowded on Monday night, when the "office" of the whereabouts was given to Hatton, shortly before ten o'clock; after which, Jesse immediately retired to rest, in consequence of the early hour named for the start.

Mickey Gannon was born in Kilbenny, May 15, 1841. He stands 5ft. 7in. in height, and on this occasion weighed about 95 lb. He is almost a novice, his only previous encounter having been with Jack Haley, whom he defeated for £25 a side, down the river, April 2, 1861. He was afterwards matched with Jesse Hatton, to fight at catch-weight for £25 a side, and they met at Marston Gate, Dec. 17, 1861. Hatton would not pick a referee, and therefore postponement was necessary. Arrangements were made to increase the stake into £50 a side, for the mill to come off on Tuesday. Mickey Gannon went into training at Mr. J. Garratt's, the Wellington Inn, Garratt-lane, under the surveillance of Miles, of Brixton, who had done every justice to him in his preparation. He arrived at his quarters at the Clarence Hotel, and took up his quarters at the Clarence Hotel, and he knew the whereabouts fixed upon for the contest, he retired, as a very early hour was imperative.

The railway chosen was visited at an early hour of the morning by those who were in the secret. A more orderly company never assembled, and everything passed off nicely throughout. A special train was provided, which took the two men to the appointed spot, and discharged its cargo at ten minutes past one o'clock. No time was lost in fixing the ring and appurtenances, which was ably completed by Fred Oliver and his subs. As soon as the ring was pitched, Hatton threw in his cap, attended by Bob Travers and Mike Madden. Gannon soon followed suit, having Jack Haley and George Crook for his seconds. Hatton won the toss for corners, and placed himself with the sun at his back. After some time lost in choosing a referee, an official kindly consented to stand, when everything became pleasant. The colors of the men—a handsome variegated handkerchief for Gannon, and a sober white one for Hatton—were duly displayed. Hatton were tied to the stake while they were stripping. Gannon, when the outer ring was being cleared, walked across to his opponent, and offered to back himself for a £10 note, and on that being refused, offered to lay £30 to £20, which met with no response. All the preliminaries at length having been put in order, the men stood up at 8.45.

## THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the men were delivered by their seconds at the scratch, their condition was eagerly scanned. Neither of them had apparently neglected all the requisite attentions. Hatton, although comparatively stale, looked remarkably well, the muscles of his shoulders and chest standing well out; but there was a falling from below the shoulders in his shoulders, and a want of sparring work. His chest was well developed, and the muscles on his ribs showed plainly that he must have taken plenty of fast work in his gallops. His loins were well made, and his legs well and proportionately formed for a hard day's work. Last, but not least, his physiognomy, although showing the scars, etc., of former encounters, was full of determination and displayed great determination. He stood in his old position with his left rather low, and the right well across the body. His feet were firmly planted, with his body inclined backwards, ready either for the attack or defence. Gannon also appeared in good condition, and had a fine, well-developed bust, with muscular shoulders and biceps. He seemed to be anxious to commence proceedings, but determined to do his best. His attitude was correct, but savored of the sparring school. His hands were well advanced, the right being in its proper position across the body, and the left playing rather low. As he sparred in his attempts to get with Hatton, it was noticed that he opened and shut his hands. Hatton seemed very determined, and soon crept within reach, leading off with the left; Gannon, shifty, ducked, and slipped out of distance. When within distance more sparring took place, Hatton again feinting, and Mickey getting away. Both then feinted, and weaved with their arms in their attempts at stopping. Gannon, thinking he had found the royal road to victory, dashed out his left viciously, but did not find Jesse at home. On getting within shot, Hatton renewed the offensive with the left, but when the blow was delivered, Gannon had stopped him. Each displayed caution, and sparring was the order of the day, until Hatton discovered a chance and delivered his left, which was well stopped by Gannon, who at the same time tried to get with Hatton, but he was not on the body, and tried the double, when Jesse took the left at the chest, and the right fairly on the cheek, receiving on the side of the head and chest. Hatton dashed in to close, and Gannon slipped down in his own corner. Time, 6 min.

2. Neither showed any marks, as they simultaneously obeyed the call of "time." Some little sparring for an opening took place, when Gannon attempted to land his left at the head, which brought on some rather random exchanges with both hands on the body and head, until they closed, when a rally took place, in which Hatton was sent down, partly by a right-hander on the chest, and partly by a slip, and falling, he caught hold of Gannon, and both were down together, Hatton on his back, Mickey on his hands and knees.

3. On time being called, both came up eagerly, and after some sharp and quick sparring for an opening, Jesse led off with his left, but as he chopped it did not hinder Gannon from getting to close quarters, where they rallied for some time, the blows falling chiefly on the body and head, until they fought to the ropes, where both went down side by side.

4. Hatton came up blowing, from the fast fighting in the previous round; Gannon was also rather flushed. Mickey tried his left at the body, and the double, the latter out of distance. Tried the same game, but Hatton sending out his right, Mickey made himself scarce. On receiving the blow, Hatton took the left at the head, which was stopped instantly by Gannon, who worked Jesse to his corner, where left-hand counters took place, the old Jannet getting on the chin, Mickey on the mouth. This forced sharp exchanges, in which Mickey again delivered on the mouth with the left, and Hatton on the nose with the right, sending the young man down, who jumped up and renewed the round. During the sparring that followed, blood was seen trickling from Gannon's nose. (First blood claimed and allowed for Hatton.) Gannon, who was riled, dashed out his left, which landed on Hatton's mouth, receiving on the cheek. A wild rally ensued until both were down, Gannon uppermost. Hatton also most unquestionably won the first knock-down, although not claimed. Time, 12 min.

5. Both were eager to commence, and showed the marks of the blows administered in the previous rounds; Gannon bled freely from the nose, while Hatton only showed a trace of blood from the mouth. As both were anxious to try conclusions, very little sparring ensued, and the fighting commenced as soon as they were within distance, a wild rally taking place in which both delivered with both hands were round and out of distance, until they closed, and both were down.

6. Jesse was blowing and flushed as he faced his opponent, who, bar his nose being rather red, was scatheless. Hatton

rushed in with a will, when Gannon, trying to avoid after landing his right on the forehead, caught his heel and fell on his back heavily.

7. Hatton came up with a bump on his forehead, from the last right-hand counter, Gannon rather shaken, but the fall, Jesse tried his left, which was out of distance, Mickey missing his right; a couple of wild exchanges, and Mickey slipped down.

8. Hatton still showed the bump on the forehead; Gannon flushed. No time was lost in sparring before Gannon tried to plant his left, which only just reached its destination on the left eye. Wild exchanges took place with both hands, and Hatton, in the end, was very busy at his quarters with both hands, until they were both down, Hatton under.

9. Both came up to time eagerly, and after a short spar, Gannon feinted at the mark, landing the second attempt on the forehead, and followed with the right, which was out of distance, until they closed, when they rallied to the ropes, and after a struggle for the fall, both were down, Gannon uppermost.

10. Both again up to time, with no fresh marks from the scrambling hits in the last round. Gannon obeyed the advice of his seconds by trying to force the fighting, and led off with his left on the eye, and the right on the forehead; Jesse getting lightly on the forehead, cheek, and chest. This brought on rattling exchanges, much in favor of Gannon, who knocked Hatton away from him. Following his opponent up, Gannon again got the best of the rally, until Hatton was forced down. As he was dropping, Gannon landed his left on the forehead, and fell from the force of the blow. Both down.

11. Hatton bleeding from the forehead as he came up; Gannon on the other hand, looking very fresh. The young man followed up the advice of his seconds, feinting in his style at the body, waiting for the double; but Hatton was out of distance; Gannon, forcing the fighting, delivered his left on the forehead, which forced exchanges in the rally which followed, until they closed, when they delivered a couple of left and right exchanges, Gannon getting heavily on the left eyebrow, drawing blood; Hatton on the chest, and after a wild rally at the ropes, both were down, Hatton under.

12. Hatton soon came up bleeding from the left eyebrow; Gannon only flushed, and with a mark on the chest and forehead, followed Hatton to his corner, when Mickey planted his left on the eyebrow, and the right on the cheek, receiving on the forehead. A good rally at the ropes in Hatton's corner, where a struggle for the fall was gained by Gannon, who was under, by falling through the ropes, and being twisted as he fell.

13. Mutual caution and sparring until within distance, when Gannon feinted at the body with the left, and trying the double at the head, brought on rather tame exchanges. Hatton, in the end, was victorious, and Gannon, in trying to avoid his rush, fell in getting away.

14. Hatton's left eyebrow was much swollen as he came up, and Mickey had his nose flushed. Gannon delivered his left on the cheek, which forced exchanges in his favor, and Hatton was forced to the ropes, where he slipped and fell on his back. Hatton, in the end, was victorious, and Gannon, as lively as a peacock. Hatton was the first to commence proceedings, but was wofully short with his left. Gannon, who would be busy, forced Hatton to his corner; some sharp counters, the "young'un" getting on the nose, but napping it in return on the same organ. A good rally ensued to the ropes, each planting on the figure body blow he had just received. On facing his antagonist, Hatton, which led to a rally at the ropes, where both were down, falling through the ropes. Time, 38 min.

15. Hatton came up eagerly, and attempted to take a lead, which was met by Gannon forcing exchanges until they reached the ropes, where both fell, Hatton under.

16. Hatton was blowing from the effects of the fast fighting in the previous rounds. Gannon, although flushed and anxious, was almost without a mark. Gannon feinted at the body, and stepping in with the double, landed his left fairly on the forehead, which sent Hatton back, who caught his heel in the turf, and Jesse went down.

17. Hatton was blowing from the effects of the fast fighting in the previous rounds. Gannon, although flushed and anxious, was almost without a mark. Gannon feinted at the body, and stepping in with the double, landed his left fairly on the forehead, which sent Hatton back, who caught his heel in the turf, and Jesse went down.

18. In 18 and 19 were of the same character. Gannon's delivery being much more artistic. Both got "home," but Hatton's blows were sadly wanting powder, more especially at long shots. Rallies to the ropes were the order of the day, until they reached them, where Hatton stood and fought gamely until he was either thrown or forced down.

20. Gannon was up first, and, despite a vicious right on the side of Hatton, Mickey landed his right eye, drawing blood. Hatton, who would not be thus dashed in, meeting a left-hander for his pains, and which steadied him. Notwithstanding this stopper, he forced a rally, which was much in Gannon's favor, until Hatton landed his right on the young'un's jaw sending him to grass heavily.

21. Hatton came up, and delivered his right eye; Gannon rather cautious after the knock-down. Hatton stood for some time, but rushed in and forced exchanges, which were very wild on both sides, until they reached the ropes, where Gannon slipped down.

22. Hatton, although determined and resolute, had his right eye in trouble as he came up; it was again visited by another left-hander of Mickey's, which led to a good and fast-fought rally. Hatton, who was flushed, landed his right on the body. In the struggle for the close, Mickey proved himself the stronger man, by throwing Hatton, who was under.

23. To 28. In the first of these rounds it was considered a certainty that Hatton could not come up to time after the severe blow he had just received. On facing his antagonist, Hatton was very groggy on his legs, but showed great resolution by endeavoring to plant his right as Gannon rushed in, and delivered his right on the left eyebrow, widening the previous opening. The same tactics were displayed, Hatton, notwithstanding all his efforts, being down with severe punishment.

29. Hatton, although the recipient of a vast amount of punishment in the few previous rounds, was shaking off the effects of the body-blow in the twenty-second round. Gannon, who was flushed from his rapid fighting during the last six rounds, again forced the fighting to Hatton's corner, planting on the left eyebrow and nose, when they closed, and a good in-fighting took place in Gannon's favor, until he attempted to get back, when he slipped, and fell on the broad of his back.

30. Hatton tried to shake off his distress, and took the initiative by sending out his left, which was short, but had the effect of forcing a close, in which Hatton attempted to land the "anctuator," which Gannon had made the best of the hitting, and he fought Hatton down, and administered a severe right-handed blow on the right side of the body as he was falling, which doubled Hatton up like a hedge hog.

31. To 34. Although Hatton was recovering from his previous great distress, still Gannon was winning by degrees, and, but for accidents, it looked a certainty for the young one, so much so that the *evening* called it a foregone conclusion. In the thirty-fourth round, Mickey planted his left on the nose heavily, and returned, *drawing* again, and receiving on the chest and nose, but very lightly. This forced a rally, in which Gannon delivered his right on Jesse's jaw, bringing him on to his knees. Hatton jumped up, and renewed the round, but Gannon met him and fought him down on his back, and he was down. Hatton, notwithstanding all the care of his seconds, came up bleeding from the eyebrow and nose, Gannon as fresh and strong as at the commencement. Neither appeared inclined to waste time, as they countered as soon as opposite each other, Hatton getting heavily on the body with his right, Gannon following Hatton to his corner, where Hatton fought resolutely, but he was both hands until Gannon, in getting in, fell, Hatton at the same time landing a rather stinging right-hander on Mickey's back.

35. Each sparred for wind, Hatton being the first to lead off with the left; but being out of distance, Gannon dashed in, and a couple of left-handed counters were exchanged, Gannon getting on the forehead, which sent Hatton down. Another rally at the ropes, until both were down from the effects of some wild and scrambling exchanges.

36. Gannon called on Hatton to toe the scratch; he obeyed the order, and counters took effect on the head and chest. Gannon's blows had most need in them; those of Hatton, although reaching their destination, appeared to take no effect. Another rally at the ropes, until both were down from the effects of some wild and scrambling exchanges.

37. The men were no sooner up than they commenced proceedings, Gannon having orders to "finish his man" as soon as possible, Hatton also trying all that was in his power to turn the tide of the battle in his favor. A good and severe bout at half-arm hitting was fought, until they closed, a struggle for the fall ensued, which ended by Gannon slipping down.

38. And last, Gannon was the first to obey the call of "time," and stood for a few seconds before Hatton faced him, when he went to work more vigorously than scientifically, and forced exchanges, during which he got on a good uppercut on the left eyebrow. Hatton bore in and attempted to land his right, but failing, caught it heavily on the left temple, which staggered him, and he fell heavily on his left shoulder. Gannon also fell from the force of his own blow. On Hatton being carried to his corner, it was ascertained he had so severely hurt his shoulder in the fall, he could not continue the contest. The sponge was thrown up in token of Hatton's defeat, and Mickey Gannon declared the winner, after fighting one hour and three minutes.

## REMARKS.

Only very few comments can be made on the above fight, but a few words must be said respecting the quiet and orderly manner in which the proceedings were conducted, from the earliest hour in the morning until the return to the metropolis. There was a total absence of the rushing, crowding, and the other evils inseparable from the motley groups which surround the entrances on a large gathering, and which in almost all cases arise from the fact of the place and time of departure being as well known as if publicly advertised. On the present occasion, the spectators and men themselves were not aware of the place or mode of transit until half-past ten o'clock on Monday night; therefore, although a "special" was provided, nobody but the most interested was present. It is to be hoped that the same precautions will be observed in all future contests. Should such be the case, the patrons of the P. R. would again rally to the support of good men, however small the stake fought for, instead of waiting for a "sensation" or Championship mill, where protection is promised but never fulfilled. The respective merits of the combatants are summed up in a few words. Hatton is too old as a pugilist to compete with younger men, who are fresh and full of practice; and although we award him his full need of praise for his determination and gameness, we still think that the time has passed when his strict attention to business as a boniface will pay him better than any future engagement in the ring. His retirement will not throw any shade over his career, for although only twenty-nine years of age, he has fought sufficiently hard battles for a veteran.

As to Gannon, he has shown a proof that he had at least his training, the manner in which he bore up against the disastrous effects of the body blow in the twenty-second round must attest; and had it not been for the *contrecoup* in the last round, many of his most sanguine adherents aver he would

have pulled through. Gannon, considering the present was his second appearance within the ropes, behaved extremely well, and fought as near to orders as the awkward position of his opponent would allow. That he has much to learn is true; but the chief is to shake off the sparring school style, and administer his punishment from the shoulder, instead of delivering the same round-handed. He is of a very useful weight, and no doubt will again be matched for a good round sum. Hatton's collar-bone was fractured in the thirty-ninth round, which was the cause of his second's giving in for him. A quick run to the metropolis brought the men and their backers home, highly delighted with the day's sport; and thus ended the long-talked-of mill between Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton. The blues managed to show the color of their coats just after the affair was over, thus showing that any event, if properly conducted, and intended to be pulled off, can be got through with equal success.—*Sporting Life*.

## FIGHT BETWEEN COOK AND KENNY, AT BIRMINGHAM, FOR £30.

This fight has long been the theme of conversation among the Birmingham men, and the P. R. Neither man has figured to any extent. Kenny only fought a minor battle with Moran, for £5 a side (erroneously called "Mick the Grecian"), whom he defeated in twenty-three rounds, 70 min. Cook, on the other hand, was not so fortunate, as he lost his only battle with Shelley, after a fight of one hour and a quarter. The event about to be discussed came off on Wednesday, April 23, when Kenny was attended by George Trutchley, and Bob Prior; both Gannon's (Cook's trainer) and J. Boffery officiating for the latter. Mr. W. Gardner was referee. At an early hour in the morning they met to try which was the best man, at 8th, 9th, for £15 a side. After about an hour's pleasant ride through a delightful country, an attempt was made to commence operations at Barbon, some eight miles out on the Walsall road, but that most valuable adjunct, a referee, not being forthcoming, an adjournment was found necessary, greatly to the mortification of the sporting community, who mustered very strong, doubtless tempted by a bright, mild morning. After retracing their steps to town a consultation was held, and a referee chosen; a start was effected for California, about four miles on the Harborne road (the scene of the late encounter between Hammer Davis and Tom Brown), when, a ring being formed, Kenny quickly threw his cap in, which proceeding was, without delay, followed by Cook acting in a similar manner, and with breathless anxiety, a commencement of hostilities was looked forward to; but "ere a blow was struck," two of the peace preservers, seeing the house closely put in an (unwelcome) appearance, and at once stopped any further proceedings, making a second adjournment necessary. Having made a journey of about a mile in the same direction, a very suitable spot was selected, and with the most creditable celerity a ring was formed, when Kenny again doffed his head-gear, immediately followed by Cook, and having shaken hands they prepared for

## THE FIGHT.

The appearance of the men in nature's garb was very satisfactory. Kenny's muscular development sufficiently indicating that he could both "give and take," while Cook, although two inches taller, and seemingly in proportion, did not look sufficiently "well" on his pins to "sustain the shocks of his adversary, who was as smiling as the rising sun, and looked the winning man.

Round 1. Each commenced by sparring cautiously. At length, Kenny struck out, and landed well on the mouth, receiving in exchange on the ribs. They now got to close quarters, when, after some good in-fighting, they closed, and Cook went down on his back. Some good exchanges, but with advantage to Kenny, who was now freely backed at 20 to 15, and ultimately they closed, and both were down.

3. On time being called, both men appeared somewhat flushed, but eager for their work. Kenny sending out a left-hander, which, although it did not reach the chin, Cook getting with the right at the chest, when they closed, and both were down, Kenny under.

4. Kenny eager to be at business, and no sooner had he been delivered by their seconds at the scratch, than he dashed in, and delivered left and right on the forehead of Cook, who directly closed, and after some lively exchanges at half-arm distance, Paddy got the crook on, threw his man heavily, and fell on him, minding Cook's shoulder severely.

5. At this period of the battle 2 to 1 was freely offered on Kenny, with no takers, as he was evidently too good for his man. On time being called, Cook sparred cautiously, being evidently somewhat nettled at the frequent visitations he received, while Kenny looked as blooming as ever, and smiled defiantly. Kenny struck out rather wildly with his right, and caught Cook a spanking on the ribs, who returned on the cheek, which was followed by some strong ding-dong work, give-and-take being the order of the day, and Cook was eventually fought down at the ropes.

6. Both men came up well to time, but evidence of each other's handwork. Kenny led off with a hot "un" on the mouth, when Cook's lips began to show some coloring, and "first blood" was claimed for Kenny and allowed, while one of Kenny's fingers began to give away, and showed some blood. Some good exchanges took place, and both closed; Cook down at the ropes.

7. Any odds offered on Kenny, who seemed determined to finish his man. After some close in-fighting, Cook was down at the ropes.

8. Both well up to time, Kenny's left eye looking somewhat the worse for his visitors; Cook also showing many scratches, but nothing more. Kenny now went to work in earnest, planting heavily on the cheek and neck, with scarce a return, while Cook showed signs of distress, though he stuck gamely to his man. After some close in-fighting, they commenced the "hugging" system, when both went down, Cook under.

9. Kenny led off with a heavy drop on the jaw, and attempted to repeat the dose, when Cook got away to avoid, and slipped down at the ropes, evidently much distressed, which his seconds seeing, humbly threw up the sponge, and thus Kenny was hailed victor, after fighting twenty-one minutes, and that too in a manner that showed his determination to win if he could.

## REMARKS.

It was evident that Cook was over-matched, as the agility of his opponent, added to his capability of enduring punishment (looking as hard as iron), must soon tell tales, although Cook

in the advance of height, and slightly in length of reach. The partisans of Kenny mustered very strong, and showered every encouragement on their man; but Cook was but scantily represented, and seemed without a friend, with the exception of his backers; doubtless this had a depressing effect on him. Kenny left the ring with very few signs of punishment visible.

## PEDESTRIANISM.

A FOUR MILES' RACE.—The inhabitants of Hornsey Wood were recently startled by a simple announcement: "Deerfoot is coming!" Well, not one person in fifty in the neighborhood had any more idea that there was a Seneca Indian than if he had been a runaway nigger. When the bills were issued, however, it appeared that a number of gentlemen, anxious to see Deerfoot's powers tested, subscribed a weighty purse, and invited all who thought they could contend with him to do so on Thursday, April 24. Consequently the following entered—Deerfoot, John Brighton (of Middlesbrough), W. Jackson (the American Deaf), Lang (of Middlesbrough), C. Mower (of Norwich), and R. Manke (the Warwickshire Antelope), who once ran 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours. Lang, however, did not put in an appearance. At about half-past four the men were in readiness, and the word was given to go, when John Brighton (who was on the inside) was the quickest to get off, followed by Billy Jackson, Deerfoot, Mower, and Manke, who were the last to start. The race was over in the second round, when the sprints of one of Manke's legs gave way, and he speedily came to grief. Deerfoot then spurred to the front, and kept on with a good yard lead, Mower being third, about two yards behind Brighton, and Jackson fourth. At the beginning of the fifth round Brighton again darted to the front, and in this position he ran to the end of the first mile, which was done by Brighton in 4 min. 42 sec. It was thus early evident that Mower and Jackson had no chance at the pace, and so it turned out, for Mower collapsed the "stitch" in the eleventh round and retired. It was now nothing more than a tremendous race between Deerfoot and Brighton, the latter leading, and on they sped, Deerfoot making the second mile in 16 min. 10 sec., and the third in 15 min. 51 sec., both being together. Both men were loudly cheered as they entered upon their last mile, and a splendid race ensued, first one and then the other leading, till within 100 yards of the finish, when Deerfoot's eyes seemed to extend and his frame, as it were, to knit together on a sudden, and he turned back, and the terrific sports for which he is so celebrated, passed Brighton, and won by six yards. Time, four miles, 21 min. 21 sec.

A TWO MILE GO.—J. Howes and Toddy Ray ran a race of this distance for £10 a side at Hackney Wick on April 28. Betting commenced at evens, but soon became 5 to 4, 6 to 4, and, before the start, 2 to 4, on Howes, who by his running, fully justified the sanguine expectations of his backers. About half-past six the men entered the course. Ray attended by his trainer, "old Spot," and Howes by Sam Barker, who had prepared him for this contest. Both looked remarkably well, and seemed very confident of the result. The referee, H. A. Reed, having given the word "off," they left the mark at a fair pace, Ray taking a lead of about a yard. Howes eventually running within him. Thus they paced for a long time, cheered on by their respective partisans, until on breasting the hill in the sixth round, Howes put on a spurt, went to the front, and finished the first mile, leading by three yards, in 5 min. 1 sec. Toddy tried his utmost to keep with his opponent, but it was in vain, for Howes led gradually leaving him in the rear, and at the finish of the race, Ray was fifty yards in front, as he seemed to run in pain, and stated that on the previous Saturday he was taken ill, and although he believed he had quite recovered, still he felt the effects of it after going about three-quarters of a mile.

## WRESTLING.

A TOUGH WRESTLING ENCOUNTER.—On Saturday, April 26, John Smith, of Ashton, and James Stanfield, of Waterloo, met at Ashton to decide their match to wrestle the best of three falls, Lancashire fashion, for £5. The weather being very unfavorable, there was but a limited attendance. At four o'clock favorable, there was a good crowd, and the match was commenced. The men entered the ring, Smith being attended by James Madley (alias Barrell), whilst W. Schors, ex-champion, did the needful for Stanfield. The betting commenced at 5 to 3 (freely) on Smith, who, after about fifteen minutes' good wrestling, was declared by Robert Fish, the referee, to be the winner of the first fall.

The men entered the ring, Smith being attended by James Madley (alias Barrell), whilst W. Schors, ex-champion, did the needful for Stanfield. The betting commenced at 5 to 3 (freely) on Smith, who, after about fifteen minutes' good wrestling, was declared by Robert Fish, the referee, to be the winner of the first fall.

turned the scales, and got honored with the second throw. The betting now changed to 20 to 20 on Stanfield, who, after a gallant contest for the final throw, was declared the winner. Time, 1 hour and 20 min.

ject, merely delaying for a move at a time his approaching...  
(2) Our sensitive correspondent vents his wounded "phelinks,"...  
Tremendous, dreadful, awful, horrible! O, what shall I say!...  
The only move which loses the game? To K R 34 would have...  
of the victory immediately? That'll do.  
(3) Still, considering the way he gets it, we should think his...  
gaze would be pretty well opened to the inefficiency of this...  
defending Defence against competitors as acute as his present.

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
YENDIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Position appears this week. Let us hear from you again.

UNCLE SAM AND NEMO.—Gentlemen, see remarks of X. this week.

H. SPATH, Buffalo, N. Y.—The last of the Games between Bethell and yourself appears in the present issue.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Received. Thanks.

H. L. Pittsburgh.—Next week.

C. M. W.—Peterboro, N. H.—Thanks for Position. Will examine and report next week.

J. H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Games and Positions on file for examination. Thanks.

RAGING UP OLD AFFAIRS.—Detroit, May 3, 1862.—DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER.—Dear Sir: Dec. 3, 1857, a game was published in your columns, played by correspondence between Uncle Sam and Nemo at Single Corner. Var. E. move (17) 30 to 25 is given as a win for Black. Suppose White plays 22, 7 to 2 and 23, 19 to 16 how can Black win? Will either Uncle Sam or Nemo please to inform me?

GAME No. 6—VOL. X.  
SPATH vs. BETHELL, IN AUGUST, 1858.

LAIRD AND LADY.

| Black.      | White.   | Black.       | White.        |
|-------------|----------|--------------|---------------|
| Bethell.    | Spath.   | Bethell.     | Spath.        |
| 1. 11 to 15 | 3 to 19  | 9. 9 to 13   | 32 to 28      |
| 2. 8 to 11  | 22 to 17 | 10. 2 to 6   | 28 to 24      |
| 3. 9 to 18  | 17 to 14 | 11. 6 to 9   | 26 to 22      |
| 4. 10 to 17 | 21 to 14 | 12. 17 to 26 | 18 to 22      |
| 5. 15 to 18 | 19 to 15 | 13. 12 to 16 | 19 to 12      |
| 6. 4 to 8   | 24 to 19 | 14. 13 to 7  | 22 to 6       |
| 7. 6 to 9   | 28 to 24 | 15. 1 to 28  | The game from |
| 8. 13 to 17 | 24 to 20 | 16. 13 to 17 | 13 to 17      |

moves—finally, after an obstinate resistance, Spath resigned.

## SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 6—VOL. X.

BY EXPRESS.

| White.                | Black.   |
|-----------------------|----------|
| 1. 6 to 20            | 15 to 19 |
| 2. 10 to 7            | 11 to 16 |
| 3. 22 to 18           | 26 to 30 |
| 4. 3 to 36            | 9 to 23  |
| 5. 14 to 10           | 23 to 14 |
| 6. 7 to 2             | 14 to 7  |
| 7. 2 to 27, and wins. |          |



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**451f**

**P. HOWARD,** Agent for the Panopticon, whose where-

abouts was inquired for by a correspondent in England, is in

Utica, N. Y. As our correspondent seemed very anxious to hear

from Mr. Howard, he can address a letter in our care, and it will

be forwarded at once.

**J. A. WRIGHT'S** (from Pittsburgh) address is inquired

for. He travelled through Wisconsin in 1897.

**451f**

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This popular Theatre having been permanently established by

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FIRST CLASS TALENT will be received on fair and equitable

terms, honorably treated and that satisfaction guaranteed, which

has been accorded to one No. 1 Danesue and Singer, one Lead-

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guaranteed every week, and the best of references furnished.

This is an opportunity rarely met with, as the parties can have a

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## CARD TO MANAGERS.

THE MOST VERSATILE AND TALENTED ARTIST IN THE UNITED STATES, is

now fulfilling a most brilliant engagement at the Holiday The-

atre, Baltimore, it being her second engagement this season. She

will continue in Baltimore until the latter part of May, when she

will have a few weeks to spare, previous to her departure for Cal-

ifornia and Australia. Managers wishing to negotiate will please

address,

J. H. MEAD, Business Agent for Miss Weston,

Holiday



of the clergy on his side, however, Herrmann intends giving two performances soon, one for the benefit of the Sanitary—nocturnal—Commission, and the other for a Catholic institution of charity. In the mean time, Herrmann will leave for more long-gauges, so as to run an express between here and the "other side" of Jordan, if needed.

Mrs. (Clara) Fisher Maeder, having returned to this city, is about to resume her instructions in elocution, dramatic readings, etc.

When we are to have those "elegant entertainments" at Hope Chapel, which were to supersede "the vile concert saloons?"

Photographs of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, in character, as well as in every day costume, have just been published by O. A. Boorbach. See advertisement.

The Concert Saloon Act has been declared constitutional by Recorder Hoffman. The decision is in type, but is crowded out until next week.

The mirrors, etc., of Canterbury Hall, were sold at public sale last week.

There seems to be a sort of hitch in the departure of Birch & Cotton's Minstrels, for Australia, and at the time of our going to press, it was said that they had not yet embarked.

The great peculiarity of "our folks" is that we never know when we are whipped, but even die in the hope of victory. That's so, and one proof may be seen at 44 Broadway, where "the public" (not legislative) servants nightly volunteer to please their patrons and give defiance to the "great gods" of the theatre.

In a "night" for the gods, and therefore we need not wonder that numbers continue to patronize the proprietor of that "music hall of the masses."

44 Broadway is now the last remaining citadel for "the friends of civil and religious liberty" to meet in and converse upon the affairs of the nation—a right which we suppose to be still left in New York City.

While talking or not, the performers at 44 Broadway seem able to put us in a charitable frame of mind with all the world—and even accept a big Albany sturgeon for a large dish of New York beef.

For music, singing, dancing, minstrelsy, acrobatic feats, and first-rate fun generally, the "last chance" now is at 44 Broadway.

For their favorite music hall and faithful performers.

#### DRAMATIC.

Julia Morgan, formerly of New-York, but at present with the concert hall company at Manager Wm. B. English's National Theatre, in Boston, is out with a counter challenge to "any other man" (male or female) to dance a jig, reel, or waltz, for from \$100 to \$500 a side, with this proviso, that the contest is to come off at said National Theatre, in the minstrel scene of "The Three Fast Men," on some evening mutually agreed upon.

Wyzeman Marshall has obtained a lease of the Howard, Boston, for one year from the 1st of May, 1861, and thus may reasonably expect to have a run of good news from that favorite theatre.

The National, Boston, under the management of Wm. B. English, has lively times. "The Three Fast Men" is the running item at present. Squire English has such performers as J. B. Adams, Boniface, Rodgers, Farwell, Harris, Bell, McVier, Emma Winthrop, Josephine Dupree, Annie Chester, Jenny Lavent, and a minstrel troupe composed of well-known favorites, with "nineteen young ladies, etc." This establishment is now in a busy term, and Hernandez soon returns to continue its triumphs.

Wattie Rasher, our Albany correspondent, says:—"The week at the Gayety began with the star Walter Benn his first appearance in this country, in the great sensation play, 'Buy Blas.' Mr. Benn is an article of the Dantesque school, and brings with him many anglicisms, which will hardly be pleasing to an American audience. He was received, however, with considerable favor. The play is, as you are aware, one of Victor Hugo's best, and the prohibited enactment by Louis Philippe. Harry Howland made a clever Don Cesar. Lottie Howland enacted the part of Donna Casilda, to a moderate degree of perfection. Lottie copies the French school, and acts as though not a spectator were present. The play went off well, and enjoyed the best audience of the season."

On Wednesday night, 14th, the drama of "The Flower Girl" was played to a very poor house; not enough, I should think, to pay expenses. The piece was well mounted, and well received. Mrs. H. A. Hottel shared the honors of the evening with Mrs. D. B. Vandereen. Howland's La Font was only medium. The Gayety has a most capital drama in the person of Miss Fanny Parker, who is a very good actress, and in the case of this theatre. Here are managers scarcely paying expenses, surrounded by all manner of drawbacks, and yet in the face of all this are the very first to offer a benefit for the sufferers of the late fire in Troy. What do the white cravats say to that?

Who in this is the larger heart for suffering humanity? The play for the evening of the benefit will be the "Lady of Lyons," with a strong cast. All honor to the Gayety. Geo. Aiken's play of the "Battle of Pittsburgh Landing," is underlined for the 19th. The management seems inclined to war with J. J. Prior for his non-appearance. Perhaps he had better explain the whys and wherefores. The way he did not accept his twenty dollars' week in advance, and the wherefore when he missed the steamboat he did not take the cars. Look out for a tempest; somebody will catch it. I hold in my possession a "document" of considerable worth, should the thing come before a minor court."

The O'Hara Dramatic Troupe have chartered the canal steamer City of Buffalo, for the season, and intend giving theatrical representations at all the principal towns on the line of the "raging canal" in this State. The troupe is said to be possessed of a corps of clever artists, and we trust they may succeed beyond their most sanguine expectations.

Our St. Louis correspondent, says:—"Miss Maggie Mitchell is playing a very fine engagement, one of the best of the season. Her benefit on Friday night, 9th inst., was a bumper. Miss Emma, her sister, appearing for the first time in this city. The theatre was on the qui vive for the arrival of Cuba, who will, if it is not too late, receive the annexed report of theatrical and other matters, that place:—"San Francisco, April 16, 1861. DEAR CLIPPER:—By one of your late papers that our friend S. C. states that the Metropolitan Theatre had become a permanent and paying institution in the hands of Manager W. H. Leigh. Well, it is quite a question to have done so, considering that the eighth party that had had the Theatre since it has been open (9 months). But S. C. is liable to be mistaken, like anybody else. But now it has become a settled thing. The theatre has changed hands again, and has now the right kind of management. Messrs. Maguire and Torrence, having become very successful in their opposition to each other, and having always been and are now, friends, concluded to hitch horses and drive the team together. They have not, it is true, done a very large business, partly on account of the weather, and partly on account of the engagement of Mr. Charles Dillon, who, although a very fine actor, failed to please the public of San Francisco, notwithstanding the fact that he was to the public, and placed upon the stage in an excellent style. The good says:—"The legitimate drama is not to-day presented by so good a company and with such general correctness and elegance, upon any boards in England or America, as at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco." And Messrs. M. & T. have the wherewithal to do it. The theatre has been in the hands of the best artists and machinists of the theatre for the last two months, and it will be from four to six weeks before it can be presented to the public; but it will surpass anything of the kind ever produced in this city. The opera season has again commenced here, Maguire having, from repeated requests from the opera-going portion of the community, formed a troupe of the best talent of the city. Prima donnas, soprano, Mad. Eliza Biscaccianti and Miss Lizzie Parker; contralto, Mad. Schwedler and Mad. Klebs; Principal Tenors, Mr. Schraubstadter and Mons. Charles; Basses, Mr. J. De Haga and Signor Ronoveri; Musical Director, Mr. Geo. H. Evans who can handle a baton with as much elegance and grace as Mozart; and the celebrated German chorists, male and female. The troupe opens on Monday, in Bellini's magnificent work, "La Sonnambula," with Mad. Biscaccianti as Amina. The house was crowded with the beauty of San Francisco, and the opera proved an immense success. Madam Biscaccianti was called before the curtain three times, and the applause and applause must have reminded her of the time she sang before the crowned heads of Europe. Last evening the opera was repeated, and was even a greater success than on Monday. To-night "La Traviata" will be given, with Miss Parker as the prima donna. Lucia is next, to be followed by "La Fille du Regiment" and "Il Trovatore."

The old Opera House (now known as the Varieties) has been in a full tide of success. Besides the star troupe already there, six more were added on Monday night, and since, the house has not been large enough to hold the people. As the names are familiar to all Californians, I will give them. Mr. W. B. English, the best middle man out; Maggie Brenon, Vocalist; W. M. Bartlett, Guitar; Shattuck, Guitar; Louisa Parker, Vocalist; Ned Devereaux, Violoncello; Charles, Guitar; Corriester, Guitar; Jake Wallace, Banjo; Fanny Hanks, Vocalist; Walter Bray, Tambourine; and Charles Sinclair, Pianist; to which are added, in the interlude, Billy O'Neil, Lue Ratlier, and John Woodward. The whole together form a troupe that cannot be beaten. Frank Hussey deserves great credit in the selection of the company, and Maguire may well be proud of his Varieties.

Maguire's Dramatic troupe are at Stockton this week. For the benefit of your Boston readers, I will state that the second performance of the Handel & Haydn Society took place on Saturday evening, 12th inst., and was fully attended. The principals were Miss Lizzie Parker, S. W. Leach, Mrs. Taylor, and Mr. Mitchell. The chorus numbered 250 voices, and the orchestra 25 pieces.

C. R. Thorn and company are at Marysville.

W. C. Forbes and wife are in Oregon.

The Geo. Chapman Family are at Sacramento.

James Stark and troupe are still in Washoe.

Dillon and wife will sail for Australia in the first ship that leaves.

Mrs. Leighton is at the American, in this city, but I leave the record of this house to be given by S. C., who is assistant manager of the establishment, and can post you up in the affairs of this house better than I can; but as you always have full lists of our city newspapers, compare our letters, and see who is the most correct.

We have another budget of items from California, the following

being from our correspondent, Sherry Corby, under date of San Francisco, April 30, 1861. "Far from being the last of the dramatic companies of the Metropolitan Theatre under the management of Torrence and Maguire, have gone to Stockton, where they have been playing for the past week to fair business. An impromptu opera troupe have taken possession of the Metropolitan."

"The Uncle Tom" has been doing finely with that irrepressible "N.Y. Amco Tom" as the attraction. The next three nights next week will be devoted to benefits, and on Thursday it is said that a Grand Spectacle, entirely new, not borrowed from the French, or even Laura Keane, will be presented to a public who have been waiting anxiously for its production for the past six weeks.

Mr. Charles Dillon has taken another trip to the interior, and opened as Hamlet last night, in Sacramento.

C. E. Thorn is still in Marysville.

McKeen Buchanan is in the North.

C. Pope and wife are in Portland, playing with Potter's company.

Langbrish & Dougherty, at their People's Theatre, Central City, Denver, Colorado Territory have "knocked up" the residents and travelers in that quarter, with the equestrian drama of "Lochinvar." Mrs. Langbrish is the Helen, and Mr. Richmond the Lochinvar. But the greatest novelty was the introduction of a Western horse named Waverly, who goes through the equestrian business of the scene at Scalesford Lynn like an old stager.

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The recent disaster in the lively city of Troy has proved that our dramatic friends can stand the ordeal of fire. Messrs. Aiken & Wilkinson closed the Troy Theatre on the 10th, in consequence of the general confusion and affliction in that city, but, on the evening of the 13th, the state of adversity brought the relief of the sufferers by the fire that has brought desolation to so many homes, we will give an entertainment for that object. We have made such arrangements as will enable us to place in your hands the entire proceeds; the principal members of our company voluntarily remaining to assist us in our undertaking.

If this meeting your attention, an early notice will greatly oblige your obedient servants, G. L. Aiken, C. Wilkinson, Messrs. Aiken & Wilkinson, Gentlemen: Your kind offer is gratefully accepted and fully appreciated. Permit me to suggest Thursday evening as the occasion of the performance, and in the name of the city, I thank you. Respectfully yours, James Thorne, Mayor, May 13, 1861.

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## DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

## NEW SERIES.—NUMBER SIX.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

## MADAME HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Born in Coblenz, May 12th, 1805. Her parents were actors—her father being considered, in Southern Germany, to be a thoughtful and excellent representative of comic characters. Made her first appearance on the stage, April 15th, 1826, at the King's Theatre, London, and met with complete success. The members of both Houses of Parliament were attracted to the representation, the two bodies having adjourned at an unusually early hour. She appeared as Rosina, and the *Morning Herald* held her before Mar, Billington, Cataline, and Camperere. A recent German publication of high authority says:—"The effect of Sontag's first appearance upon the European stage, especially in Paris, was truly wonderful. Her debut in Paris, was June 15th, 1826, as Rosina, in the 'Barbier'."

In 1830, she closed her dramatic career at Berlin, in the *Seminar* of Rosini. The enthusiasm, the excitement, the almost madness of the public on this occasion, was indescribable. From Berlin she went to Russia, singing at St. Petersburg and Moscow, with wonderful success. She then returned to the Netherlands, and for the last time, sang at the Hague. Soon after this her previously private matrimonial marriage with the Count Rossi was made public. In 1834, she went with her husband to Naples, whence the Count expected to go as Sardinian charge des Affaires to Rio Janeiro; but he was banished into honorable exile.

During 1848-49, Count Rossi lost all his property, and the Madame returned to her former practice of the noble art. So great was the enthusiasm in 1851, to hear her, that on her refusing to sing longer in Berlin, several extra cars were run to Leipzig, (six or eight hours distant) filled with people to attend her Concerts.

Arrived in America, Sunday, September 4th, 1852; made her first appearance, September 27th, in "Somnambula," at Metropolitan Hall, New York; made her debut in Italian Opera, Jan. 10, 1853, as Marie, at Niblo's Garden, New York. First appeared in Philadelphia, October 14th, 1852, at Musical Fund Hall. First appeared in Philadelphia, in opera, March 28th, 1853, at the National Theatre, as Anna; made her last appearance in Philadelphia, Nov. 26th, 1853, at Musical Fund Hall. Died at Mexico, June 18th, 1854, of cholera, after a very short illness. Besides the extraordinary purity, clearness and attractiveness of her voice, she possessed a lightness and elegance of utterance quite unparalleled. Her success in this country was only equalled by that of Jenny Lind.

## ANN JANE BARRETT.

Born May 4th, 1801. Died December 23d, 1853. Was buried in the lot belonging to the Boston Museum Dramatic Fund, at Mount Auburn. On the lower half of the Monument, is an inscription panel with the following lines:—

ANN JANE BARRETT.  
Born May 4th, 1801.  
Died December 23d, 1853.  
Her remains rest beneath this monument, erected to her memory in 1856, by her friends.

—With fairest flowers  
We'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor  
The azure Harebell, like thy nose; nor the  
Of Eglantine, not sweeter than thy breath.

Turning around the grave is a clematis in its autumnal aspect of flower, which is carved so as to meet with a wreath of laurel on the pedestal. At the foot of the grave is a gracefully proportioned marble vase on an oval slab of similar material, and the vase has been designed by a master hand. Mrs. Barrett well deserved all such artistic expression of heartfelt homage. Her only fault was not quitting the stage two years previous to her last performance.

## MISS GEORGINA BARRETT.

Born in New York, February 17th, 1829. Made her first appearance on the stage, July 8th, 1851, as Pauline, in the *Lady of Lyons*, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. First appeared in the City of New York, at Niblo's Garden, as Lady Gay Spanker in "London Assurance."

Retired from the stage in 1852, and on the 22d of February was married to Mr. P. Warren, Treasurer of the Broadway Theatre, New York.

## GILES LEONARD BARRETT.

Made his first appearance on the American stage, 28th December, 1796, at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, Mass., as Ranger, in the "Suspicious Husband." First appeared in New York, August, 1797, at the John Street Theatre.

Died at Boston, Mass., November 18th, 1809.

## MRS. G. L. BARNES.

Was born in Great Britain, and made her debut as a pupil of the celebrated Macklin, in London, as Portia, to his Shylock. She first appeared in America, at the Haymarket Theatre, Boston, Mass., as Mrs. Beverly, in the "Gambler," January 2d, 1797. First appeared in the City of New York, at the John Street Theatre, August, 1797, and died at Boston, Mass., in 1832.

## WILLIAM BLANCHARD.

Born in York, England, in 1769. Made his first appearance on any stage under the assumed name of Bentley, at Buxton, Derbyshire, in 1782, as Allen a Dale, in "Robin Hood." Made his first appearance in London, May 15th, 1800, as Bob Acres, in "The Rivals," at Covent Garden Theatre.

Made his debut on the American stage, December 26th, 1831, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, as Sir Able Handy, in "The Plough." First appeared in Philadelphia, January 23d, 1832, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Don Lewis, in "Love Makes a Man." Died in London.

## M. BLONDIN.

Right name Emile Gravelot. A Frenchman by birth. In 1855, he was engaged in France by the agent of Wm. Niblo, to perform with the Royal Troupe Niblo's Garden, New York. He made his first appearance in the Fall of the year. Blondin performed with the Ravels a number of years, then he went with the Martinetti company, and for two years was connected with a circus company as proprietor. Married a lady in this country. Is now past 40 years of age. Those who have seen him perform the tight rope will remember the ease and precision, as well as the extraordinary grace with which he accomplishes his feats. On the 30th of June, 1859, he accomplished the wonderful feat of crossing the Niagara River on a tight rope, at a height of one hundred and fifty-one feet above the rushing torrent below—an exhibition which stands without a parallel. The rope was three and a quarter inches in diameter, 1300 feet long, and including the guy ropes, cost \$290. It was made in two sections, and was spliced by a sailor. About twelve thousand people witnessed the crossing by this intrepid performer. Since this feat he has accomplished many others far more daring. At present in England, performing with great success.

## MD'LE BLANGY.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, November 5th, 1846, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Gizele, in "Gizele, or The Miller." First appeared in a speaking character, December 17, 1850, as Azarine, in "Child of Air." Died in New York.

**CORPULENCE.**—Corpulence is that state of the human body when loaded with an excessive body of fat. Flesh forms the muscular system; and its extent being limited by the forms of the particular muscular parts, and the quantity of exercise it does not fall below a certain bulk. The fat is much less limited, and the production and deposition of it is confined to no such definite form. The formation of the muscular fibres, or the change of the blood into flesh, takes place in the capillary system, formed by the minutest portions of the arteries at their termination in the muscles. The blood is converted into muscular fibre; but if this matter is not well digested it merely adds fatty matter to the system. The secretion of fat also depends, in a certain degree, on the state of the health. A wholesome degree of stoutness is promoted by good digestion, fitting diet and tranquility of mind. There is, however, a certain diseased state of the system which will unaturally increase the production and deposition of fat; and we hence see young people and men, even such as are continually engaged in active business, very corpulent. The enormous corpulence of many men appears to bear no proportion to their food; and is evidently a disease, as many other secretions in the body; for example, the preparation and secretion of the bile, saliva, etc., are augmented by disease. Tulpin saw a boy five years old who weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. Bartholin makes mention of a girl aged eleven years, who weighed about two hundred pounds. In the "Philosophical Transactions" mention is made of an Englishman named Bright, who weighed six hundred and nine pounds on record; he weighed seven hundred and fifty-two pounds. A Canadian named Maillet, who exhibited himself at Boston in 1829, weighed six hundred and nineteen pounds. Corpulence is, also, often only the repetition of the cells of the cellular membrane with watery, gaseous and vaporous matter, arising from a marked tendency to disease, and often the commencement of actual dropsy. Moderate bulk (monopneumia) is consistent with health, and is not opposed to beauty, as it prevents angularity and unevenness in the surface of the body, and gives the parts roundness. For this reason, moderately stout men and women preserve a beautiful and youthful appearance longer than lean persons. Persons inclined to corpulence should be very careful with their diet. They should eat slowly and masticate their food well; they should not drink much liquors, but weak wine and water and lemonade. Rich soups and made dishes should be avoided, as should likewise chocolate, cocoa and too much milk. All sweets are fattening; and green vegetables are the reverse. Plenty of exercise should be taken; and all lazy, indolent habits should be avoided. Occasional aperient medicine should be used.

## A LAWYER IN A FIX.

Did I ever tell you about the Newark lawyer's first case in Minnesota? No? Well, then here it goes, for it's worth circulating. You are no doubt well aware that many sprigs of aristocracy in Eastern cities labor under the impression that in order to extinguish all other lights they have only to emigrate to some Western town and dazzle the natives. Many a man has thus started out in search of wool, and been himself badly shorn. And in no town in the world does this class stand a poorer chance than in St. Paul, Minnesota. The majority of its hardy, healthy, and active inhabitants, first went to the place for health; to recruit those energies which had become exhausted in active mental labors in the East. The place commenced, in fact, as a sort of Nature's Hospital. No one thought of locating there, because he was too far out of the world. But invalids flocked in; convalescents wrote back to their families and friends; the verdict of thousands who had been snatched, as it were, from the grave, was published; and was soon discovered by artists, speculators, and capitalists, that for beauty of location and artistic building spots, the place had no rival on the globe. The result is, St. Paul today has a population of fifteen thousand as active, go-ahead, sharp jokers, financiers, and old travelers, as can be found in any city of the Union; and is doing a healthier business, and is erecting more beautiful and better ones, than any other three cities of its size anywhere.

So much for introduction, and a key to the fact why the mass is made up of the ablest lawyers, judges, clergy, merchants, capitalists, and speculators, who overtaxed their mental energies in Eastern cities. And now to the story:—

It was a pleasant morning in the month of August—(no matter what year)—while the large and splendid "Key City," (Captain James Harden and clerk L. Eldred), was proudly ploughing her way up the Mississippi from La Crosse, that a brilliantly dressed gentleman of about twenty-five years of age was to be seen leisurely reclining on a railing in front of the office, puffing the ten cent regalia just taken from his pocket, and evidently wondering if the half-civilized people of St. Paul ever smoked anything more expensive than pipes.

Turning to a plainly dressed gentleman at his side, he exclaimed:—

"Are you—ah, acquainted in St. Paul?"

"Oh, yes; I know most of the leading citizens," was the reply.

"Do you indeed?" exclaimed the flashy gentleman. "Well, then, I am in luck; pretty lively place."

"Quite so, sir. Every man has something to do, and all are making a good living."

"Do you live—ah, in St. Paul?"

"I do."

"Have you any lawyers there?"

"Quite too many, sir. That is my profession."

The dandy looked at the man at first with incredulity, and then, with a patronizing air, said:—

"I have reference, my good fellow, to first-class attorneys, men of education, who have graduated from College."

A light seemed to break in upon the man's mind as he replied:—

"Ah! I see what you mean! No, we have no lawyers of education! Are you a lawyer, sir?"

Inflicting himself with importance and great condescension, he replied:—

"A graduate, sir, of the best college in New Jersey. And, if sufficient encouragement is held out by the members of the bar in St. Paul, I will stop among them, and give them the benefit of my knowledge."

At the same time the brilliant young sprig produced and handed over a very miniature card, which read:—

G. E. L. N. J.

The man seemed delighted. He claimed the privilege of at once extending to the stranger the hospitalities of the bar of St. Paul; and declared that within two hours after the arrival of the boat, a public reception should be given him.

As the sun was sinking in the west, the "Key City" touched at the levee near St. Paul, and the distinguished stranger was at once conducted to a leading hotel to await the arrival of the city bar in a body.

In about two hours they arrived, and were presented in due form by the man who came up on the boat with the brilliant scholar, and who had introduced himself as Mr. Spotted. Then came Judge Kirby, Judge Allard, Advocate Bloodsaw, lawyers Keen, Knifpoint, Badax, Harvey, and some two dozen others—all anxious to show their respect to the lawyer who had been "educated," and was "a genuine fellow to show how they dew things in Jersey."

During the excitement of shaking hands and taking drinks for the twentieth time, from the row of bottles placed upon the table, a long gaunt six and a half footer came in with boots off, and without hat, coat, or vest, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed:—

"Evenin' court is now open, and I'll shoot every man who don't attend in three minutes!"

There was at once a scattering from the room. Some escaped by one door, and some by another, but Judge Kirby grasped the Jersey lawyer by the hand, and whispered:—

"Follow me and you'll be safe!"

Escaping by a back door, and threading innumerable dark lanes and cow-yards, the Judge and his young friend at length reached the extensive livery stable at Allouez—the maddest yet in the State.

Here they found a row of twelve barrels for the jury to sit upon, inverted water pails for the lawyers, and a bundle of hay for the Judge. The prisoner at the bar—who was being tried for the murder of his mother with a butcher knife—was seated on a wheelbarrow, smoking an Indian pipe, and swearing that he could whip any three men on the jury.

"Gentlemen!" gasped the educated man, "can it be possible that you conduct courts in this manner in St. Paul?"

"It's only lately that we have had so nice a room as this," replied half a dozen lawyers; "we used to meet in Bloodsaw's woodshed; but since the case of the murderer of his mother, we've moved here."

The presiding judge now called the Court to order, and asked the prisoner if he had any counsel.

"Not a one," was the loud reply; "but if that 'ere chap with nice clothes will take a hold of the job, I'll give him two cows and a hundred acres of perjury."

Young Jersey was moved and wavering, but at length stutted out that he wished to be excused; whereupon the prisoner sprang the length of his chain, upset the wheelbarrow, and swore if the man didn't take hold of the case and clear him, that he would follow him from house to house, and drink the last drop of his heart's blood. This decided the matter at once; and the proud sprig of aristocracy at length took his own life, as well as the client's, depending upon the amount and quality of forensic ability that he would bring to bear upon the jury.

On his rising to address the Court, the presiding judge indignantly informed him that no College baby, with a coat on, would be permitted to speak in this temple.

George removed his coat, and was peremptorily ordered to remove his vest, and to take off his boots, and stockings. The orders were all obeyed at the pistol's muzzle, held by the crier of the Court—a convalescent invalid, six feet two inches in his stockings, and weighing about two hundred and six pounds.

At this stage of the proceedings, two of the jury—who had been playing a gallon of whiskey—got into a quarrel, and one drove his bowie knife, apparently, up to the hilt into the other's body. The corpse was conveyed from the room as unconcerned as if it had been the body of a defunct hog, and the crier screamed at the top of his voice, "Go on with the Court!"

George had been a member of the Sons of Malta, or, at least, he made his way into the Lodge, at Trenton, a few winters ago, when they were wont to put the candidates over the "rugged path," with bells on. George, we say, had seen there, but now he was frightened, and made up his mind to save his precious life by flight.

With a bound that would have been creditable to the Ravens in their palmist days, he leaped over a fanning-mill, eluded the grasp of his client, who had now broken from the wheelbarrow, and by the aid of the almost impenetrable darkness, succeeded in hiding himself in a lumber yard till next morning, when, starting up to the levee in his own state, he ran on board a small steamer, and begged the clerk in the name of pity and humanity, to give him a passage down the river to some town five hundred miles from St. Paul. He would give no explanation of his undressed condition, but only begged to be secreted until the boat was at least a hundred miles down the river.

On coming out of his state room the next morning, when the boat was near La Crosse, it was informed by the sailing clerk that there was a bundle of clothing and a trunk in the office for him, placed on the boat at St. Paul, with his address by Lawyer Spotted, a man of fine character, but no education.

"I thank him for my baggage," gasped the student, turning pale at the recollection of the midnight scene in the barn; "but these Minnesota lawyers are worse than savages. They'll gamble, smoke, drink rum, and murder in the court-room, and cut the throat of an educated man with as little compunction of conscience as they'd stab a toad. I've heard it said that St. Paul is a beautiful place. It may be in the day time, but it is an awful place in the night. And if it is a healthy place for invalids, it is an unhealthy one for lawyers. I'm an educated lawyer myself. I've had my first case in Minnesota, and it's my last!"

On arriving at La Crosse, he went to "Brick Pomeroy," of the *Democrat*, and tried to get him to publish the story of his St. Paul experience, but "Brick" indignantly replied:—

"Can't do it, my boy! 'Fraid 'tain't true! It's too funny for reality, and the *Democrat* never deals in fiction."

Being determined to relate his experience, however, he then hired a hall and advertised a Lecture on Emigration; and after he had received at the door nearly enough to cover his expenses, the Deputy Mayor stepped up and exclaimed:—

"Have you got a license, sir, for this 'ere show?"

"This is not a show, and I have no license."

"Well, I want ten dollars, and I don't care a red whether you call it a show or an exhibition."

"But, my friend, I know what the law is—I hold office—and you must pay up, or mizzle!"

And so he mizzled; and when on the point of returning home to old Essex, by overland easy stages, on foot, was met by his former friend of the boat, who explained to him that the Court session was all a joke, and prevailed on him to return and locate. He stopped his airs at once, and soon became a favorite.

He now holds an important office at St. Paul.

## BALL PLAY.

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THE STAR CLUB.—The fifth game of the season between the first and second nines of this club, was played on Saturday, May 10th, the result being another—14th—victory for the first nine. In this last game the first nine played the fly game, and their opponents the regular bound game, and although with this odds against them, also lacking the assistance of four of their regular nine throughout the game, they won by a score of 33 to 15. The score at the close of the 5th innings was 25 to 7. The score:—

| FIRST NINE.         |    |    |       | SECOND NINE.        |    |    |       |
|---------------------|----|----|-------|---------------------|----|----|-------|
|                     | H. | L. | RUNS. |                     | H. | L. | RUNS. |
| Waddell, 1st b..... | 4  | 6  | 3     | Skatts, p.....      | 3  | 1  | 1     |
| Henry, 3d b.....    | 2  | 7  | 1     | McKenzie, 1st.....  | 1  | 2  | 2     |
| B. Chilton, p.....  | 2  | 7  | 1     | Gignoux, 1st b..... | 3  | 2  | 2     |
| Galpin, 2d b.....   | 4  | 5  | 1     | Pearson, 2d b.....  | 4  | 1  | 1     |
| G. Chilton, f.....  | 5  | 4  | 1     | Morris, c.....      | 1  | 3  | 1     |
| Mitchell, c.....    | 3  | 5  | 1     | Mumby, 3d b.....    | 2  | 2  | 1     |
| *Kelly, f.....      | 1  | 1  | 1     | Savage, r f.....    | 2  | 1  | 1     |
|                     |    |    |       | Hunter, c f.....    | 3  | 1  | 1     |
| Total.....          | 33 |    |       | Total.....          | 15 |    |       |

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.  
1st 3d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th  
First Nine.....0 7 6 4 9 6 1 1 1  
Second Nine.....2 1 2 0 1 1 7 1 1

Passed balls on which bases were made—Mitchell, 3; Waddell, 3; C. Morris, 7; Gignoux, 12.

Catches made on the fly—Waddell, 1; Galpin, 1; G. Chilton, 1; Skatts, 1; Mumby, 1; Weedon, 1.

Umpire—Mr. Duval. Score—Mr. Carroll.

\*Kelly came at end of 5th innings.

THE ATLANTIC CLUB.—The members of this champion club commenced play for the season on Monday, May 12th, the late date of their opening game resulting from their having their grounds newly laid out, which has been done under the superintendence of Mr. Wild. The club is now one of the best in the city, and in a few weeks will be in fine condition. These grounds are occupied by the Atlantics on Mondays and Thursdays, and by the Enterprise club on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There are, therefore, two days each week unoccupied, and these days can be secured on application to Mr. Wild, at the Cline Hill Hotel, corner of Grand and Murray Avenues. The following is the score of the game played on the opening day:

| BOUGHTON'S SIDE.     |    |    |       | SMITH'S SIDE.          |    |    |       |
|----------------------|----|----|-------|------------------------|----|----|-------|
|                      | H. | L. | RUNS. |                        | H. | L. | RUNS. |
| Boughton, 1st.....   | 4  | 2  | 3     | S. A. Smith, s.....    | 2  | 4  | 4     |
| C. Smith, 2d b.....  | 1  | 5  | 1     | M. O'Brien, p.....     | 2  | 3  | 3     |
| G. Smith, 1st b..... | 1  | 4  | 1     | F. Seinoth, 1st b..... | 1  | 4  | 1     |
| Colyer, 3d b.....    | 5  | 2  | 1     | Sebert, 1st.....       | 3  | 2  | 1     |
| Parker, p.....       | 5  | 2  | 1     | J. Smith, r s.....     | 5  | 1  | 1     |
| Chapman, c.....      | 2  | 3  | 1     | Massey, c.....         | 3  | 1  | 1     |
| P. O'Brien, s.....   | 2  | 3  | 1     | Crane, 2d b.....       | 2  | 3  | 1     |
| Gilbert, r f.....    | 2  | 2  | 1     | Sprague, 3d b.....     | 4  | 2  | 1     |
| Eaton, r s.....      | 2  | 3  | 1     | Chichester, r f.....   | 1  | 5  | 1     |
|                      |    |    |       | Oliver, c f.....       | 2  | 2  | 1     |
| Total.....           | 28 |    |       | Total.....             | 27 |    |       |

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.  
1st 2d 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th 9th  
Boughton's Side.....2 0 1 0 3 1 8 6 7-28  
Smith's Side.....3 0 2 0 2 0 2 4 5 8-27  
Umpire—Mr. Chadwick.

MORE ABOUT BASE BALL IN PHILADELPHIA.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—Dear Sir: In your paper of this week, a communication appeared giving a notice of the Athletic Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia. In this article are some mistakes in reference to the Olympic Ball Club, which, in honor to this association, should not be passed unnoticed. The article refers to the Athletic as a town ball club, and says that in that game they were the first in the city, bearing the palm in a number of hard fought matches. The first nine of the Olympic have never been defeated in base ball. In the first eleven in town ball held the championship for more than twenty-five years—not only excelling in their own game, but winning a match of cricket against the old Philadelphia Cricket Club. Another error, and one with particular attention is called, is that the reason the old Olympic claim the first rank was because they defeated the Athletic twice last season; but also in 1859, and in fact, whenever they have played (with the exception of a match at town ball with the Olympic 2d nine, late in 1859, which was won by the Athletic). The Olympic claim the championship because they have never been beaten, and for no other reason. They have won games from the Athletic, Hamilton, Excelsior, and Adriatic clubs. The first game last summer with the Olympic, the Athletics say they lost by but five runs, and that their defeat was occasioned by some unfortunate throws—there's the rub! The game was won by fortunate throws and good hits. The second game, the score was—Olympic, 34 runs; Athletic, 18 runs. This defeat they attribute to the wrong decisions of the umpire, who is a gentleman well known in cricket and base ball circles, both in New York and Philadelphia—Mr. R. F. Stevens, formerly pitcher of the Knickerbocker Club, N. Y. The match was won by the Olympic by 16 runs; and it is reasonable, much less courteous, to say that Mr. Stevens' mistakes occasioned such a defeat? The score alone conveys the truth, and mentions that Mr. Stevens' long connection with base ball, and his high character as a gentleman would peculiarly fit him for the position of umpire. I regret exceedingly when fault is found with an umpire. An error in deciding a point may occur, but it is positively ridiculous to say that a game lost by sixteen runs was occasioned by an umpire, such as R. F. Stevens of the Athletic is correct. They are very ambitious, and have some excellent players in their nine, which I am glad to see, as it is all for the good of base ball. The present season, from appearances, will be a brilliant one. Several matches are talked of already. The match between the Brooklyn and New York clubs, gotten up by the *Clipper* last fall, was such a success, that I would like to see a match between New York and Philadelphia during the summer, under the same auspices. A strong nine would represent Philadelphia.

Yours respectfully, FAIR PLAY.

THE BASE BALL CLUBS OF PHILADELPHIA.—The city of Philadelphia can certainly boast of her fine base ball organizations, which reflect great credit upon her young men's taste for and devotion to this popular and health-bestowing pastime. Below we give a list of the clubs, together with the location of their playing grounds and their practice days. In this issue a Philadelphia correspondent expresses a desire that a match may be arranged between Philadelphia and New York during the present season. We say aye to this, with both hands up, and hope that immediate action will be taken by those interested in the match. A match between the cities, properly conducted, would prove a source of much pleasure and excitement to those participating in it, and would enhance, materially, the prospects of base ball in both cities. What say our Gothamites to giving the Quaker City boys an opportunity to "wipe out" the defeat which the Excelsiors gave their selected nine in 1860—if they can? At any rate, it is no more than fair to give them an opportunity to regale their laurels. The Keystone vs. the Empire; two glorious and time-honored Commonwealth rivals. Let the base ball representatives meet in chivalrous rivalry for the peaceful triumphs of innocent sport.

But, with an apology for wandering from our intention, we present "the list" before alluded to.

| NAMES.          | DAYS.                         | GROUND.        |
|-----------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| Athletic.....   | Thursdays.....                | Fairmount Park |
| Adriatic.....   | Tuesdays and Fridays.....     | Carnac's Woods |
| Atlantic.....   | Wednesdays and Saturdays..... | Carnac's Woods |
| Columbian.....  | Mondays and Thursdays.....    | 17 and Master  |
| Excelsior.....  | Wednesdays and Saturdays..... | 15 and Col Av  |
| Franklin.....   | Saturdays.....                | Fairmount Park |
| Hamilton.....   | Wednesdays and Saturdays..... | 38 N of Mar    |
| Keystone.....   | Thursdays.....                | 4 and Miffin   |
| Mercantile..... | Wednesdays and Saturdays..... | 15 and Col Av  |
| Minerva.....    | Saturdays.....                | 13 and Col Av  |
| Niagara.....    | Mondays and Tuesdays.....     | Fairmount Park |
| Olympic.....    | Wednesdays and Saturdays..... | Carnac's Woods |
| Roadsack.....   | Tuesdays and Fridays.....     | Fairmount Park |

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